Liberty

DEC. 6 · 1941

FIVE CENTS

ISSISSIPPI BELLE: A GREAT HISTORICAL NOVEL BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

MEAN AN UNBEATABLE NAVY! By SECRETARY KNOX

SHEAFFER'S

ONE GIFT THAT SAYS, "THIS MOMENT SHALL LAST"

$7.50 with pen. Others, $5 up

Many gifts speak only of passing fancies. Such gifts should not, and usually do not, last. But when your sentiment is fine and enduring, let it be told in the same terms—with a Sheaffer's *Lifetime**, the finest gift of its kind. For here is quality that expresses your fine emotion, and a guarantee that tells of your wish to be part of someone's life always. Give a Sheaffer *Lifetime*. Match it with the new permanently sharp Fineline pencil. All can afford it. And it will bring you to mind each day for life. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

$10 with *Lifetime* pen

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE WHITE DOT IDENTIFIES THE *Lifetime* PEN

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Lifetime **Feathertouch Ensemble (Military Clip), $12.75. Other Ensembles (Military Clip), $6, $9, $14**

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SHEAFFER PENS, ALL COLORS, $2.75 TO $20. PENCILS, $1 UP. ENSEMBLES, $3.95 UP. DRY-PROOF DESK SETS, $5 UP.

"TUCKAWAY" PENCIL, $5. Rounded tip won't jab linings of trousers pockets, vest or purse.

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What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

WHEN you start to sniffle . . . when you feel a chill . . . or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to act—and act fast! *A cold may be getting you in its grip.* What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had *fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.*

Kills Germs Associated with Colds

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . so called "secondary invaders" which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic . . . up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will *always* head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE for COLDS and SORE THROAT

1 **Go to bed** at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.

2 **Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic,** full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AFTER

3 **At night, take a hot bath,** or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to "sweat the cold out of your system."

4 **Don't blow your nose too hard.** It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.

WATCH YOUR THROAT
WHERE ILLNESS OFTEN STARTS

GENUINE DU PONT "LUCITE" ILLUMINATOR

LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
ONLY 75¢
BATTERIES INCLUDED

Vox Pop

The First Word--From Our Readers

"THE BOOK OF ALL BOOKS"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hats off to Liberty for its timely and truthful November 1 editorial, "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart—" It brought to my mind Voltaire's wrong prediction: "The Bible is an exploded book"; also that of Robert G. Ingersoll: "In ten years the Bible will not be read."

How little those men knew of the inherent power of the Book of all books! —*John N. Quinn.*

MUNCIE, IND.—There are times and times again when your editorial page registers a resounding bull's-eye—and for "The Fool Hath Said in His Heart—" the church universal owes you a hearty "Praise be!" May the backbone of Liberty, as editorially revealed, never know cartilaginous disintegration! — *E. F. Daugherty, D. D., Pastor, Jackson Street Christian Church.*

PORTLAND, ME.—Thank God for an editor who has no fear of publishing material pertaining to the occult. I and many of my friends are grateful for an editor who is two steps ahead—and does not hesitate to give us what we are all searching for. Thank you!—especially for your November 1 editorial.—*Lena K. Sargent, Director, Portland Maine School of Commerce.*

An uncommonly large number of letters in like vein have come to Liberty regarding this editorial.—VOX POP ED.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

HOSMER, S. D.—Could you kindly let me know who wrote your October 18 editorial, Lindbergh—the Most Dangerous Man in America?—*John Stoecker.*

Fulton Oursler wrote it—and is proud that he did.—VOX POP ED.

JUST AMONG US MUSES: OR, AMENITIES AMONG THE ARTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the past month my attention has been drawn to a new style of caricature in Liberty, by Armando. I just thought I would drop you a note to tell you that it is excellent work.—*Tommy Dorsey.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—My just getting into the Armando controversy puts me in the class of a venerable yarn. About the Yankee farmer shooting at a Britisher. Asked to explain, he did: "These British beat us and taxed us."

"But that was over 150 years ago."

"Yes, but I just heard about it."

I've known Armando for many years. I also know that he comes from the best stock in Mexico — modestly, he may have withheld the fact that he is the son of a former illustrious Governor General of Mexico. In his own right, he will live as a great caricaturist.

This, coming from a brother cartoonist, is doubtful praise, to the cynical. Remember when a publisher was asked: "Do you consider a cartoonist a newspaperman?" "Would you call a barnacle a ship?" being the retort.—*Harry Hershfield.*

BUT THE WORLD IS SO FULL OF A NUMBER OF THINGS!

NEW YORK NY—CANT YOU GIVE US GEORGE JEAN NATHAN WEEKLY HIS THEATER ARTICLES ARE MY FAVORITE MAGAZINES TOP FEATURE.—ARTHUR CORNING BLAKE.

WORD FROM HAWAII . . .

HONOLULU, T. H.—Your one feature Old Sarge is worth a quarter of anybody's money. To those who have sons, friends, or sweethearts in the service and those of us who like to keep up on what Uncle Sam is doing for the boys, it is priceless. I sold Libertys back in 1928 to 1931. I was a forty-niner (*i. e.*, sold forty-nine copies each week), but if the mag had been as good then as today I could have reached one hundred easy.—*J. E. Lybrand.*

. . . AND THE PHILIPPINES

MANILA, P. I.—Liberty is a handy, interesting, and worthy - of - all - praises magazine. This is not trying to egg you. It is a real entertainer. I am an ardent reader of this, and I always have a copy of it.—*Vicente G. Espinosa.*

YOU MEAN SORTA LÈSE MAJESTÉ, OR SOMETHING?

WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—After reading Frederick Lewis' excellent article, Does Hollywood Need New Leadership? (November 1 Liberty) I marvel that he had the guts to "pen them words." He must know that they blacklist guys out here in the industry for a great deal less than what he said.

Keep up the good work, and maybe we who like to see pictures which have motion in them can go back to the theaters. —*Vance J. Hoyt.*

WE'RE SORRY WE BROUGHT IT UP

CARTERSVILLE, GA.—In October 25 Liberty's Twenty Questions, you state that the Bible does not say that Jonah was swallowed by a whale.

Of course the Old Testament says a "fish," but read Matthew 12:40.—*Clyde Shaw.*

Matthew 12:40 says: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly . . ." Lots of letters on this.—VOX POP ED.

"How much an hour is twenty-one dollars a month?"

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Know your M's

1. This is a M___

2. This is a M_____

3. This is a M_____

4. This is a M_____

5. This is a M_____

6. This is M_____ & M____

The whiskey that's Mild, Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mole;* 2, *Mallet;* 3, *Mackintosh;* 4, *Micrometer;* 5, *Magpie;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

–Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

VOICE HOARSE?

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO SPUDS

ENJOY THEIR COOLING MENTHOL

..Give Your Throat a Rest

New, improved Spud Imperials are made for a purpose—designed to protect your throat from irritation caused by ordinary cigarettes. Spuds are superior in 3 ways:

GREATER SAFETY—Spud Imperials produce no irritating acrolein—a major throat irritant found in the smoke of nearly *all* cigarettes. In addition, Spuds are made 20% longer to give you a cooler, better filtered smoke.

MILDER MENTHOL—An exclusive, patented process distributes menthol more mildly and evenly throughout Spuds. *No menthol overdosing!*

BETTER QUALITY—Spud Imperials are made of an extremely mild blend of the finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness. No coupons—*just high quality tobaccos!*

Try the new, improved Spud Imperials. Smoke them as long as you like—and by all means change to Spuds when your throat is irritated. It's safer—and you'll get real smoking pleasure. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc. "House of Tradition."

NEW IMPROVED

SPUD IMPERIALS

ACTUAL SIZE

More for your money—20% longer—equal to 4 extra cigarettes per pack!

MONARCH OF THE MENTHOLS

Man to Man

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ IN spite of the fact that many companies are doing swell jobs of styling ties to blend with suits and shirts, you and I will probably get a couple of horrors for Christmas. Even stores that have good-looking stuff the year round, stock up at this season with a bunch of flowerpot ties to attract women. So you might call this article to the attention of your mother, wife, girl friends, etc.

Many women don't seem to realize that only a small portion of a tie is visible above the V of a waistcoat, and that a large pattern is unsuitable for such a small area. As to color, if they'd keep in mind the colors of your suits and try to come somewhere near matching them, they wouldn't go far wrong.

Plain knitted ties are always acceptable. And Beau Brummell has brought out an interesting fabric in which glass fiber is combined with silk; this has a pleasant texture, doesn't wrinkle much, and cleans well. I liked the stripes and the small woven geometric designs that resemble Spitalfields.

Wool ties, for some reason, always seem pretty good. Botany has brought out three groups designed to be worn with the three popular suit colors—blue, gray, and brown. They've also produced the tartans of fifty-four Scottish clans; even the brightest is not objectionable. The fabric is smooth and firm, ties in a neat knot that won't slip. Some of these cost a dollar, others a dollar and a half.

As you may know, Arrow is making ties in colors that go with those of their shirts. Each month they bring out a set which includes shirt and shorts of the same fabric, handkerchief and tie that repeat the colors but, of course, not the pattern, and don't look too "matched."

This month's set is striped and comes in blue, tan, gray, and green. The whole set comes to four bucks and, I think, would make a good Christmas gift.

Double cuffs on shirts with attached collars are getting more and more popular. Shops that carry Arrow shirts usually have them in several materials. I like end-in-end madras, a weave that produces more of a fine cross grain than a pattern.

I think that modern cuff links are largely responsible for the revival of double cuffs. All those made by Swank have bars that snap out straight so that they can be easily inserted. Priced from one dollar for gold plate, to five for gold-filled, sterling silver for three fifty, there are many smart designs—dumbbells, bowknots, cameos, half spheres that are half metal and half colored stone. In most cases you can get tie chains or tie clips to match.

Among the new tie clips are actual miniature sabers in gilt scabbards, small metal pencils that you pull out of square cases, sports motifs such as a golf club, tennis racket, stirrup, crop, horseshoe nail, propeller, skis.

A disk-shaped pocketknife has a small blade, a nail file, and an ingenious six-year calendar on the back. Two fifty. All Swank jewelry is sold in attractive velvet-lined boxes which make it look as a present should look.

Speaking of boxes, Pioneer has, as usual, done a swell job for Christmas. Belts come in miniature hollow bowling balls that can be used as deep ash trays (two dollars); in little high hats packed in eight-sided hatboxes; in large stud boxes covered with imitation pigskin. A boy's plastic belt with an initial buckle is packed in a desk set, which has a tray for pencils and socket for a pen. One fifty.

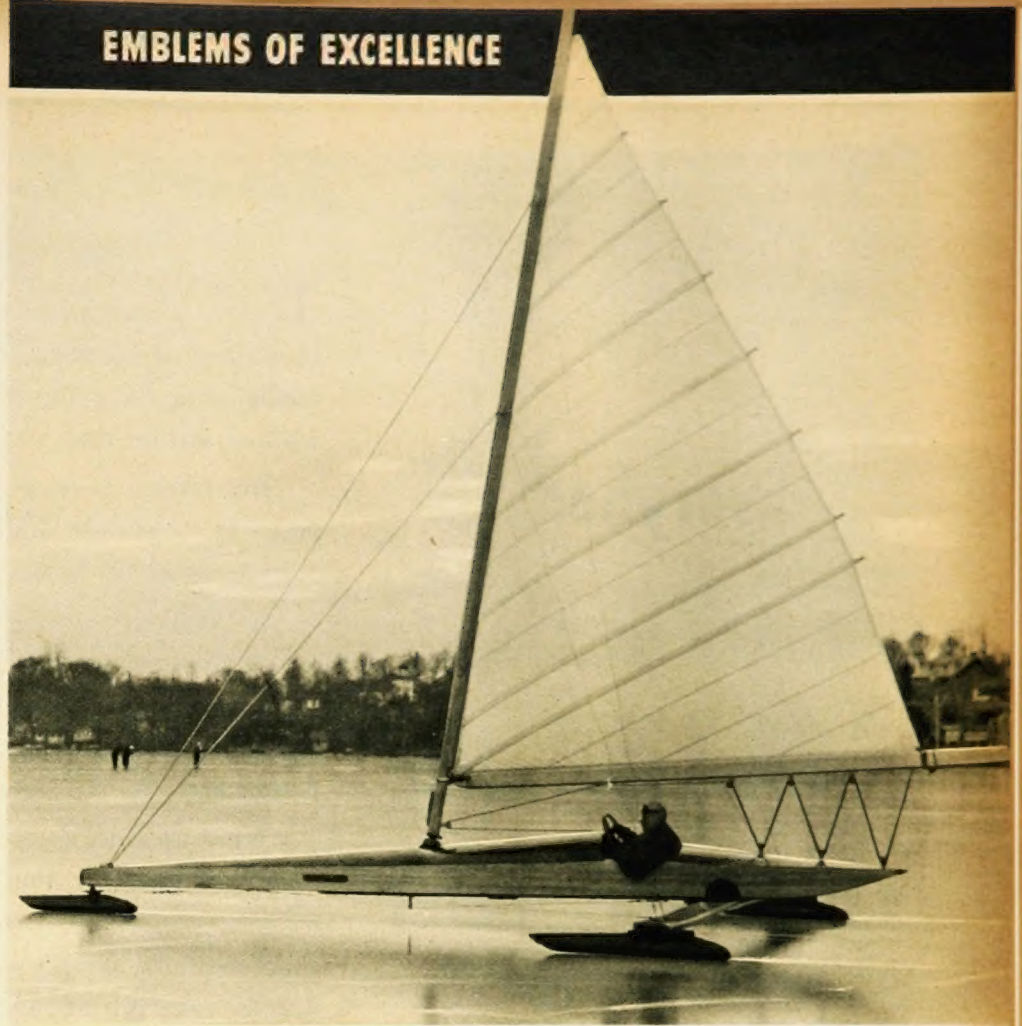
Suspenders and garters are presented in a gift box that looks like a book and would be a handy receptacle for desk clutter. An important fact about these boxes is that they don't add to the cost of the articles packed in them.

I've just discovered the "Vitabrush," which not only gives the scalp a thorough massage but seems to clear your head when it feels muzzy in the morning. Four rows of bristles, driven by a small electric motor, work in alternate directions, giving your scalp that "push-pull" massage that experts call "petrissage."

This kneading and pushing of the skin stimulates circulation, clears away dead skin, scruff, dandruff, and the like. The price is twenty-nine seventy-five.

If you can't find this, or any of the other items, in your local shops, drop me a line and I'll put you in touch with the manufacturers.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



EASTERN ICE YACHTING CHAMPIONSHIP BOWL. The greatest ambition of any ice boat skipper is to win the silver bowl shown at the right—emblem of the open championship. To win it, he must first become champion of his boat class in the annual regatta held by the Eastern Ice Yachting Association—then outsail all other class champions in the finals. In a sport where speeds of 154 miles an hour have been attained, winning the "Open" calls for a skipper and boat that are both better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl name. Gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl trade mark has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, "Ethyl" tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
REG. TRADE MARK

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Everybody wants to use it at CHRISTMAS time!

THERE'S a Long Distance telephone bridge from your town to the rest of America. It was planned and built to carry the traffic of a busy business day — and low toll rates were worked out on that basis.

But *once a year*, on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, many more people than the telephone bridge can possibly accommodate try to use it at the same time.

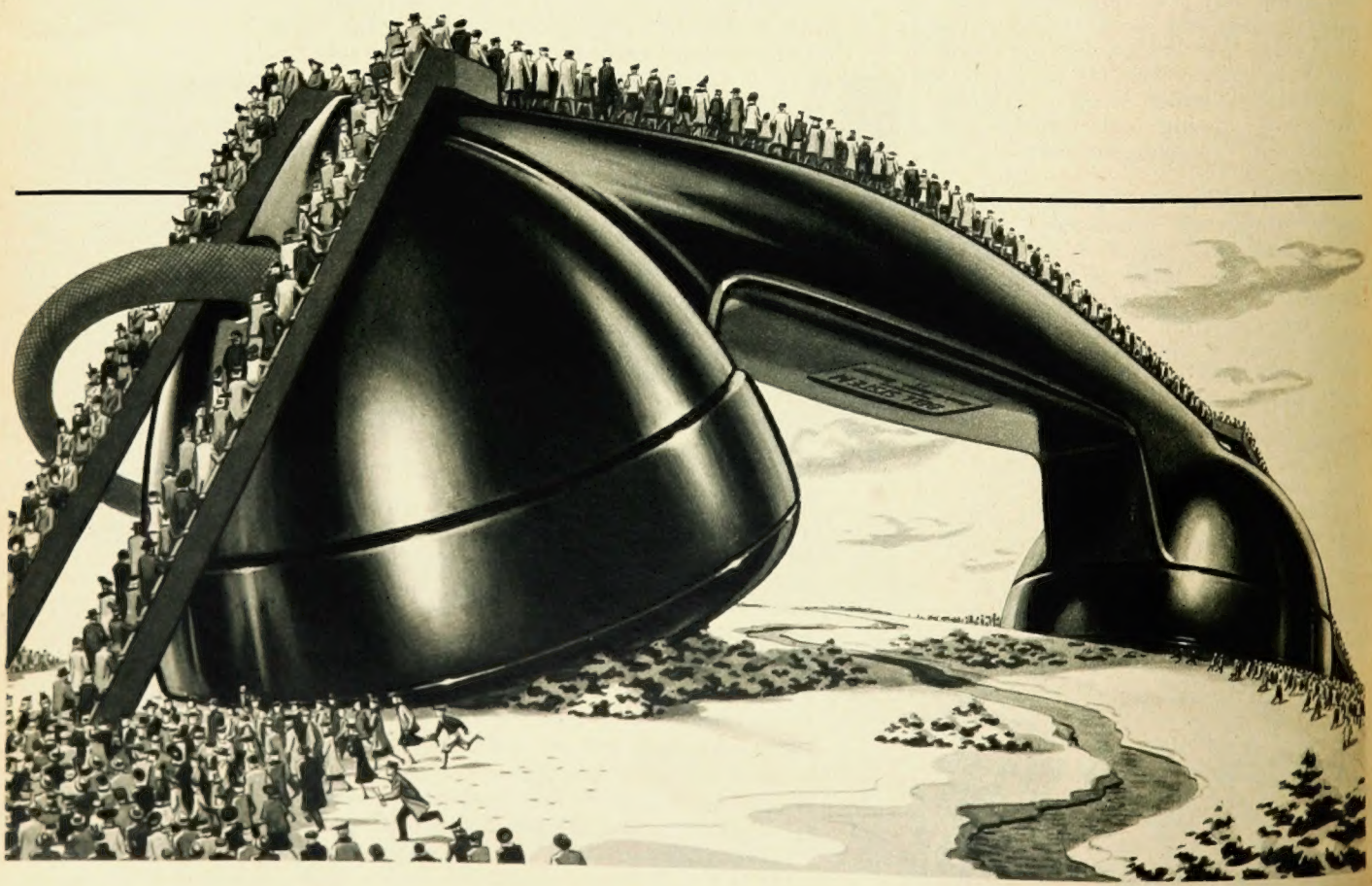
Naturally, there are tie-ups and delays. Some folks never get on the bridge at all. For that, we're sincerely sorry.

And it wouldn't be sensible to build great amounts of expensive facilities that would be used only one or two days in the 365.

What we shall do is to use every circuit we have and put on every operator that can be useful — and do the best we can.

Telephone people will be working all through the holiday to make it a happy Christmas. Will you, for your part, please be patient if there are delays in reaching your far-away friends and relatives? We'll appreciate it.

LONG DISTANCE ***helps unite the nation***



O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

DECEMBER 6, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 49

NO APOLOGY TO MR. ICKES

☆ FROM Mr. Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, comes the following letter:

"A few months ago you told the world what you thought of me for having called your then friend Lindbergh a 'Hitler stooge.' Remember? Or don't you read Liberty?

"If you have forgotten, which no doubt you have or are trying to, I believe that you will locate the editorial, A Reprimand for Mr. Ickes, in your file along about August 2.

"You said that Lindbergh was a patriot, even if I did say that he wasn't. You said my accusations against Lindbergh's 'patriotism' were unwarranted and untrue. Then you really got down to the business of polishing me off. You said that I was a 'smearman' with a 'fishwife rhetoric' who ought to go 'into the silence, forsaking the pleasure of his own voice and taking the pledge against hogwash and bilge water.' Remember now?

"Anyway, the editorial was inspired by a speech that I had made in which I said that Lindbergh and his crowd were 'spurious nonresistants' and 'Nazi wolves in pacifists' clothing.'

"I thought that I was calling some pretty hard names, but when I picked up your issue of October 18 and read your revised and unexpurgated opinion of the ex-colonel, I blushed for my language. I wondered how I had managed all these years on such a small vocabulary.

"Elaborating on the statement that 'the most dangerous man in the United States of America today is Charles Augustus Lindbergh,' you called him 'America's number one Nazi,' 'the forerunner of Hitler,' 'ambassador of the Antichrist,' 'witch burner' and 'Fuehrer of the forces of hell.' (Don't let me forget to ask Santa Claus to bring me a new thesaurus.)

"You said last August that 'the sanguinary, avenging invective of Mr. Ickes only helps Lindbergh and hurts the cause in which we believe heart and soul.' Now that cooler days are here, what do you think of what I have thought of Lindbergh for the past several years?

"Perhaps you feel that you owe me an apology. I feel that way, too, but we won't let it stand between us. I am coming out of the 'silence' that I went into last August at your suggestion, and reminding you that at last you and I are in accord."

Liberty regrets that it is unable to offer the apology for which the Secretary of the Interior asks.

As we see it, there is a profound difference in Lindbergh's position before Des Moines and after. Before Des Moines Lindbergh was merely an isolationist. When Mr. Ickes attacked him as a Nazi, we objected. We defended Lindbergh's right to his point of view—with which we did not agree—and his right to proclaim his ideas. Mr. Ickes, we felt, had no right to impugn Lindbergh's motives—unless he had information not available to the public.

If he had that information, it was his patriotic duty to give it to his fellow citizens.

After the Des Moines speech the situation changed. Lindbergh raised the ugly and dangerous spirit of race prejudice. He says he did not mean to do that. He says he merely meant to attack the political views of a group. Actually, we believe that he knew what the results would be even though he blinded himself to them. Isolationism was on the decline. Lindbergh, by attacking the Jews, did not merely call attention to an alleged political unity but, because of the very nature of his argument, he gave encouragement to the ignorant minority which is moved by race prejudice. We defended Mr. Lindbergh, we reprimanded Mr. Ickes, and we denounced Mr. Lindbergh, all on the single principle of Americanism.

We view Mr. Ickes with mixed feelings. By all reports, in spite of a lot of seemingly wasted wordage, he is an able executive. We think he sets a bad example by calling names and smearing American citizens. Recent political campaigns have shown that name-calling is on the increase. The Secretary could set a good example by becoming temperate in his estimate of his fellow man, especially those of his fellow men with whom he disagrees.

But one thing we can say for Harold Ickes, and we say it joyfully: He was man enough to apologize for the bogus oil shortage!

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Mississipp

Belle

READING TIME • 32 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART ONE—"AM I GOIN' TO MARRY A MURDERESS?"

☆ "BUT—but I don't know you!" Caitlin Ryan stared round-eyed at the beautiful young man with the beautiful beaver hat held elegantly across his forearm. "I—I don't even know your name!"

He grinned — a trifle — with his mouth. But his dark eyes were avid on her. "My name," he said, "is Beuchleigh Preswald. Never mind the spellin', because you're goin' to call me 'Buck.' And you'll get to know me a lot better after we're married."

Caitlin gasped. She tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come.

"Your eyes," the young man was going on earnestly, "aren't blue at all, are they? They're violet. Can you make 'em big and round like that on purpose?"

"Oh, please!" Caitlin glanced over her shoulder like a little scared cat.

One kiss—and her heart was on fire . . Here's romance!

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

Author of Gold Is Where You Find It, Jezebel, etc.

She gasped, "You dirty Sassenach! Let me go! I'll—I'll screech!"

Behind her the big Boston Auditorium clattered to the hundred tongues of the church bazaar. The entertainment program was just over, and the young ladies in the booths were selling crochetwork and featherwork and shellwork like mad, and managing matrons were shrilling through the crowd, and proud papas were buying. And through the turmoil the black-robed Sisters moved serenely, keeping a careful eye on the girls. . . . "I'm not supposed to talk to you!" (Caitlin was really scared.) "If Sister Agatha sees—"

They were standing at the back of the stage—at what Caitlin, who thrilled to anything theatrical, had learned to call "R. U." . . . It happened before she knew how it had happened. He had drawn her "off stage, R. U." and behind a pile of old flats. Dim, with a shaft of dusty sunlight that lit up his grin.

"What would they do? Wall you up alive in the convent? Or take a hairbrush to you?"

"You—you've no business to say such things! Please—oh, you're getting me into awful trouble. . . . Well, if you must know, I'd have to learn dictionary. By heart. Pages and pages. Please—"

He had a lock of black hair that curved across his forehead. She didn't know whether she wanted to brush it out of his eye, or black the eye. She couldn't do either, because he had both of her hands. She didn't know anything that made any sense.

He was saying, "I'll bet you know most of the dictionary right now."

She giggled. She couldn't help it. "'Lattice-work,'" she quoted. "'Noun, compound. Anything reticulated or decussated, with interstices between the intersections.'"

"Whew! I'll be decussated! What did you do to have to learn that one? Am I goin' to marry a murderess?"

"You must be crazy to be talking like that!"

"Right! Actions speak louder than words!" He whipped a long arm around her. She felt the lean hardness of his body against her. His mouth outraged hers. For the first time in her life, Caitlin Ryan was being thoroughly and competently kissed.

She fought him—and for all that Caitlin was small, she could fight. She clipped the heel of her hand under his jaw and threw his head back so his teeth rattled. It gave her time to breathe—and to gasp, "You—you dirty Sassenach! Let me go! I'll—I'll screech!"

He didn't let her go. He hung onto one wrist and felt his jaw with the other hand. He grinned. "Go on, screech! Or, as we are taught to say at Harvard, scream. As we also learn at Harvard, there is a convenient back door."

"I will screech—scream, then!" She half filled her lungs.

"Ululate, my darling! Verb, intransitive. Howl or hoot. From the Latin *ululare*. No, wide-eyes, they didn't make me learn the dictionary—I kind of made that up. Oh, please—"

Buck Preswald knew just when to say "please." Caitlin didn't know that she was kissing him just as much as he was kissing her. She broke away, panting. "You mustn't!" She glanced over her shoulder. "The Sisters—"

"Didn't you like it? Honeybelle, didn't you?"

"I don't even know you—"

He let her get about four inches away. "Buck Preswald," he said. "At your service, ma'am. Kentuckian. Senior of Harvard College. Age, twenty-four—I'm not very bright. Condition, gentleman, orphan. Fortune, three thousand dollars. Now—didn't you like it?"

"You—let me go! You're drunk! You're drunk as you can be!"

He considered that, but he didn't let her go. "Why, no, my darling. Nowhere near as drunk as I can be. Naturally, I was a little bit drunk, or I couldn't have wandered into a church bazaar. Then you sang Barbara Allen. It knocked me endways. Then you sang The Wearin' o' the Green, and it stood me on my feet again. I knew what you meant, and I knew I had to marry you—you little sweetheart, you honey!"

"You're not Irish!"

"I could be—if you say so. Didn't you like the kiss?"

"No! Certainly not!"

He looked at her disapprovingly. "Tchk—tchk! Don't the dear Sisters teach you to tell the truth?"

She said breathlessly, "Well—if I did—"

His arms closed about her—hard. His mouth was on hers. Her hands thrust at him. They caught his shoulders. They ran to tighten about his neck. There had never been anything like this—there never could be anything like this—

"Caitlin!" A thin voice, querulous—Sister Agatha's voice. "Caitlin—where are you?"

She wrenched herself out of his arms. "Yes, Sister Agatha! Please"—a frenzied whisper—"oh, please go!"

"When am I going to see you again?"

"I don't know—never! Please! . . . Yes, Sister Agatha—I'm coming!"

She gave him a frantic push toward the stage door and slipped around the pile of flats, blinking in the sudden light as she came into the wings.

"Caitlin! What are you doing back here?"

"Nothing, Sister Agatha—really. I——I just wanted to see how all these things worked. The scenery, I mean."

"Humph! In the pitch dark? What makes you look so flushed and excited?"

"I—I guess it was just thinking, Sister Agatha." Caitlin's way opened before her. "I was thinking of great actors and actresses. Garrick—and—and Mrs. Siddons. I guess a theater always gets me excited, Sister Agatha." . . . *That much is true, but I'm lying! I'm lying from my head to my feet! Oh, I don't like lying!*

"Humph! Well, actors and actresses are nothing for a young girl to be thinking of. Put your mind on your algebra—I had to give you a failure last month. . . . But you did sing very sweetly, child. The bishop himself has asked to see you."

They walked through the crowd—through the clattering tongues. *Oh, Sister Agatha's easy to lie to.* . . . "Thank you so much, Mrs. Cavanaugh; I'm glad you liked it!" . . . *But Sister Serena—she'll see it on me. She'll ask—no, she won't. But, soon or late, I'll have to tell her!* . . . "Mrs. Donovan, ma'am! Sure, you're too kind!" . . . "Ah, Sister Margaret, you're kind! I'm scared I didn't do well. A big place—I was so excited!" *I'm lying, every step I take!* "Oh, thank you, ma'am; I'm glad you liked it!" . . . *I'm a kaleidoscope—I'm all broken to little bits of broken glass—but every way they go they make a pattern.*

They spell Buck. They don't make sense, but they make a pattern.

She was in front of the bishop. There was a kind of whispering hush—a circle of skirts. Black skirts of the Sisters, gay-colored skirts of the ladies who were supporting the bazaar.

She swung a long curtsy. "Bishop Brady, sir!" . . . *Oh, I'm black with lies down to my feet. He'll see it on me!* . . . Then the bishop had her by the hand and he was grinning. He patted the hand.

"Ah, now, Miss Caitlin, let you not be confused! The last time I saw you, your father (God rest him) held you up in his arms for me to kiss you—and you toothless and bald as a hen's egg. Sure, Shamus Ryan and me were lads together."

He had a fine square face—the bishop. He had red hair that curled a little. He was just a little plump. He was going on:

"I'm teasing you, Miss Caitlin—I shouldn't. But I've got to get revenge for the way you made me use up a handkerchief when you sang The Wearin' o' the Green."

"Bishop Brady, sir—I but sing the way my father taught me."

"By your leave, my dear, you do not, then! I've heard your father sing The Wearin' o' the Green, and many's the time I've sung it with him till we sang the moon down the sky. And I had two granduncles were hanged for it. But I never wasted a handkerchief on it before."

Somehow, she managed to swing another long curtsy and to stammer thanks. Everybody was so kind—everybody was so trusting. Nobody saw the lies that were on her. Nobody saw that she'd been kissed by a man, and had kissed again. She was different now—she'd never be the same. And everybody else might be fooled, but not Sister Serena. Sometime she'd have to tell Sister Serena. She had—she had unmaidenly feelings—

Oh, the curse of a thousand cows be on that Buck!

☆ IN the year 1814 a Vermont schoolteacher named Miranda Slater had made the pilgrimage to Boston to see Lexington and Bunker Hill. She never saw Lexington, and it is doubtful if she ever thought of Bunker Hill after the first day, for that was the day she met Shamus Ryan. And the fifth day was the day she married him. That was the way Shamus Ryan did things; and Miranda, for all her delicate features and her soft delicious body, could know what she wanted and go after it.

That Shamus was not "received" in Boston she knew very well. He was what Boston called a "Mick"—a big, roaring, singing Mick from the bogs of South Ireland. She loved every inch of his six feet two, and she adored his beautiful way of hitting first and making friends after. He installed her in a ten-room brick house on Orange Street in South Boston, and in due time (nine months and three days) Caitlin was born.

There was a two-day battle over the name. Miranda would not have Miranda. It was a fool name; the only nicknames for it were Miry and Randy; she had always hated it. Shamus was finally convinced when she told him it came from the Latin. He had a low opinion of Eyetalians.

"Caitlin," he suggested at length. "Sure, that was a queen of Ireland in the old days. And she led her men ag'in' the bloody Sassenach."

So the baby was Caitlin. "Sure it's nothing but Kathleen in Irish," Shamus explained.

☆ CAITLIN grew up in the brick house, and they were happy. Miranda managed to forget, though she could never approve, Shamus Ryan's business, which was a devious combination of contracting and building and the seamier side of Boston politics. Caitlin was adored and spoiled by her father, and adored and whacked with a hairbrush by her mother, who, having taught school, was less sentimental about the sweet gifts of the angels than her husband.

Caitlin grew up with the delicate features and slightly tiptilted nose of her mother, and with the blue-black hair and straight black brows of her father. She grew up happy and her ankle-length pantalets flashed up and down the street in pursuit of a hoop or a ball or a goat. Evenings, before her bedtime, her thin, reedy, true pipe would join the Big Mick's big baritone and her mother's tinkle at the square piano. When they sang the old songs, the water would run out of her father's eyes and he'd blow his nose. She studied to make him do that, because when he did he'd pick her up in his big arms and carry her up the stairs, with that wonderful smell of whisky and cloves on him, and he'd tell her great fine warm stories of the great heroes of Ireland and of "Americay." Finn McCool and John Adams and Willy Brennan the highwayman and George Washington and Robert Emmet. And long-ago stories of Queen Deirdre of the Sorrows, and O'Neill of the Red Hand, and the blessed St. Patrick himself.

The years slid by, and there was happiness in the red brick house on Orange Street. Shamus Ryan's affairs prospered. Caitlin lost her baby roundness and took on a young colt-like grace. She began to stick out in the right places—though not as much as she wanted to, and she wished her brows weren't quite so dark and straight. And she could really sing duets with the Big Mick now.

For Caitlin's fifteenth birthday they planned a picnic—just the three of them. Miranda and Caitlin packed a picnic basket. Shamus Ryan started getting drunk early in celebration. He hitched up his fast stepping trotter. He installed his wife and daughter on the cushions of the new chaise. He packed in the luncheon basket. He drove, very carefully, out of Orange Street into Tremont.

He balled the reins in his hands. "Hurroo!" he yelled. "It's Caitlin's birthday! We'll show 'em style—"

He hurled the reins at the horse's head and plied the whip. . . . Caitlin's father and mother were killed at the bad corner of Tremont and Queen.

Caitlin inherited the straight, delicate strength of her mother and a share of the charming madness of her father, together with some twenty thousand dollars in rather devious investments, many of them not very savory.

Shamus Ryan had no relatives in America. Miranda's Vermont people had thrown her out when she married a Mick. The Church took over. Caitlin became a boarder at the Convent School.

It was Sister Serena who had got Caitlin over the first shock. For the first day she let Caitlin weep in her arms. Then she told her, sweetly but firmly, that that was enough. God took people—soon or late, took every one. Meantime, life was a thing to be lived, not to grieve over. Caitlin thought she was unfeeling and brutal—which was just the one thing she needed to send her out with her head up.

So, for three years, Caitlin underwent the gentle, rigid discipline. She minded her book, she said her prayers, she learned to control (or at least not to show) the temper that shook her sometimes. She walked in the decorous "crocodile," with a Sister to watch every step. She was honest, hard, wayward—difficult to handle because she would ask, "Why?" Sister Agatha, who taught mathematics, would finally say, "Because it's so! We are taught so—we must believe it!"

Caitlin would pray, "Oh, Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief!" Then she would set herself to disprove it.

It was only when she was singing—singing the wild Irish stuff her father had sung—that she could get a great warm feeling of believing Then she could believe anything—anything brave and beautiful and strong.

☆ THIS is Caitlin Ryan, who in the year 1832 sang Barbara Allen and The Wearin' o' the Green at a church bazaar and was thoroughly kissed by Beuchleigh Preswald behind

a pile of old flats, backstage, in the Boston Auditorium.

Never, she knew—never would she be the same again. Walking back in the crocodile, she could feel it all over her. The raw Boston east wind blew down her neck and up her skirts, and all she knew was that the taste of Buck was on her mouth and his hard lean body warm against her. She—she must be in love!

She didn't like it, and she silently put a very complicated Irish curse she had heard her father use on that Buck.

☆ THE curse did no good. (She should have known that a senior at Harvard is beyond cursing or blessing.) Buck was like her father, tall, handsome, desperate. He wore a desperate lock of dark hair across his forehead, in the new fashion. He had announced that she was to marry him. (Caitlin, with the touch of his hands setting her afire, was five minutes ahead of him. She knew in those five furtive minutes that if this damned Buck didn't marry her, she would just plainly die.) . . .

The thing had come as a piece of amazement to Buck. He had wandered into a church bazaar—and a Catholic one at that. Horrified—good heavens, suppose some of his classmates found it out on him!—he had turned to edge out. And then a girl's voice had started a song: Barbara Allen. It says something for a quality in Caitlin's singing that Buck had stopped short. He peered, craning over people's heads, at the lighted stage.

There was a girl, slim, with blue-black hair and a tiptilted nose. "Young man, I think you're dyin'," she sang. And Buck thought he was.

The song ended. There was a roar of applause, in which Buck forgot to join; remembered suddenly—found himself applauding all by himself and getting curious glances.

She came out again. This time it was The Wearin' o' the Green. Buck sidled forward, slipping through the crowd. There was a side door that led to back stage. This thing had to be investigated. The rest was easy.

He kissed Caitlin once in the manner of a Harvard senior bestowing his favor on a pretty girl. He kissed her again—and something happened to him.

This was never Buck Preswald, Kentucky gentleman, Harvard senior, properly and carefully indifferent. This was never Buck Preswald, looking with suitable tolerance on the foibles of humanity! But it was!

Their courtship was this: When, once a day, the crocodile walked out, Buck would be on the corner, lounging elegantly in the Harvard manner. And as Caitlin passed he would send her a slow, hot, sliding glance. And Caitlin would feel his arms around her again, and his mouth on hers. And she would feel strange feelings that were indecorous, unmaidenly, and altogether delicious.

She had known from that day at the bazaar that, soon or late, she would have to tell Sister Serena. Ask her, rather. Caitlin wanted advice.

Sister Serena taught literature—the more seemly parts. All her life Caitlin was to have the faculty of picking the right people. She nerved herself and blurted it out.

"Is it that young man who stands around on corners and looks at you?" Sister Serena asked placidly. And while Caitlin stared, aghast that Sister Serena already knew her terrible shame, Sister Serena went on: "It's natural he'd look at you, child. You're very lovely. . . . Is he the one who kissed you at the bazaar?"

"Who—how—"

Sister Serena smiled. "Caitlin, it takes a very clever girl not to look as though she'd been kissed. Oh, don't look so startled, child. It's a thing that happens to most of us. You shouldn't have lied to Sister Agatha, though."

"I—I'm black with lies, Sister Serena."

"You're nothing of the sort; don't try to dramatize yourself. You lied, as most of us do at one time or another, to get out of a punishment. Only, somehow, the punishment seems to come just the same. If it hadn't, you wouldn't be here asking me now. He seems a nice boy," Sister Serena added inconsequentially.

☆ "HE'S not!" Caitlin flared. "When he looks at me, I feel hot all over. I feel like—like—" Caitlin used a short Anglo-Saxon word. It rocked Sister Serena on her heels.

"But it's in the Bible, Sister Serena. And Shakespeare—and Chaucer! Of course you always skip those parts, but we always look them up. I know it's bad, Sister Serena, but he makes me feel like a—"

"Don't say it!" Sister Serena was a highly cultivated woman of the world. She had known for some time that this interview was coming, and she had prepared it—just what Caitlin would say, just what she would say. But it wasn't going right.

"You don't feel like that at all!" Sister Serena got things in hand again. "Women who sell their bodies for men's pleasure—"

"But, Sister Serena, don't the women get pleasure too? I mean—"

"Stop it!" No, that was the wrong line to take. Caitlin was one girl with real intelligence—and an unpredictable hard, ignorant honesty. And she had come asking for help. "There are some things we don't talk about," Sister Serena began. "Child, God gave us our bodies, and our desires, to be used according to His will. The things of the body come from God, and are just as sacred as the things of the mind—"

"But if they are sacred and come from God, why can't we talk about them, Sister Serena?"

Caitlin wasn't trying to be clever, or to argue, and it was just that which defeated Sister Serena. *(I was clever and worldly-wise,* Sister Serena thought. *The child asks for bread—and she gets a stone. Discipline!)* "Because we can't!" snapped Sister Serena, desperate. "Put your mind on your algebra—you're weak there. And take plenty of cold baths."

☆ THE cold baths did little—Caitlin could think of Buck in the middle of one. The algebra did nothing; it was silly stuff. (If A can pump out a cistern in one hour, and B can do it in two and a half hours, and C can do it in four hours. then—fire B and C, and let A do it. That had been Shamus Ryan's way—unless B or C happened to be a cousin of the mayor.)

Sister Serena did a great deal. She spent nights on her knees asking for guidance. God gave you the brains, and if you thought and prayed, God would show you how to use them. Sister Serena came up with the conviction she had started with: The father confessor was rigid and a fool (she regretted it, but he was). The mother superior was a saintly old lady, but she was over eighty and didn't know one girl from another. Sister Serena took her courage in both hands and went to the bishop.

"You did right to come," the bishop told her, when he had heard her errand. "Shamus Ryan's girl!" he went on musingly. "Well, who would know how to handle that one? I mind the time Shamus and me—whisht, what am I sayin'? Let you forget the apologies, Sister, and we'll see what's to be done for her. H'm—from what you say, I think we'd best get her married. The lad's not of the true faith, and that's a pity—but I've known some fine Episcopalians, God save us all. I hope he's got a good heavy hand; he'll need it. By the way, young Caitlin Ryan's by way of being comfortably off—did you know?"

"I know it, Bishop Brady. But Caitlin doesn't. And if this young man is for marrying her, it's for herself alone. And he seems a nice boy."

"I'll check on him," the bishop promised. "Shamus Ryan's girl—saints preserve us!"

The bishop made inquiries. Son of fine Kentucky folk. Stood reasonably well at Harvard. A little wild—but the bishop had been a bit of a lad himself. And if Shamus Ryan's girl wanted a wild lad from Kentucky, the devil himself couldn't stop her. She'd have her father's violence and her mother's stubbornness and sense, God rest their souls.

On the day before her wedding (it was just after Buck's graduation in June) the bishop had a talk with Caitlin. He explained to her that she would now have some twenty-five thousand dollars to bring to her husband as a wedding gift.

"Faith, I was sinfully proud o' the increase," he told Sister Serena after. "And to her it might have been twenty-five chestnuts. She's got eyes and ears for none but her man."

☆ AND so they were married, and went to New York by stagecoach through a golden haze.

Caitlin had twenty-five thousand dollars to bring to the marriage. Buck

(*Continued on page 55*)

U.S.N.

I mean an Unbeatable Navy!

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

And this time no pipe-dreams: we are going to keep what we build! Isn't it time we woke up?

BY SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FRANK KNOX

☆ DURING the World War the United States lost four combat vessels to the enemy, and we emerged from the conflict with the most powerful fleet in the world. Forthwith we celebrated by destroying 236 of our own ships.

In the War of 1812 we lost twenty-five naval vessels in combat or storm, and 227 to the junk dealers. Fifty years later the United States government found itself engaged in a civil war without a navy worthy of the name. Hundreds of ships were bought or built. Ninety-six were lost by naval action *and 478 by political action* after the war.

The navy of the United States has "never lost a war nor won a peace." Excepting the war with Spain in 1898, the United States has met every international crisis woefully unprepared at sea, especially so for a maritime nation. Without exception, it has ended the war in possession of as formidable a navy as any afloat. And, again without exception, the United States has thereupon tossed its fleet upon the scrap piles!

That must not and shall not be the fate of the navy we have rebuilt and are building now.

Not only is our starry-eyed custom of naval self-destruction outrageously wasteful, but by reducing ourself to the status of a third- or fourth-rate naval power after each war we inevitably become a target when the shooting again starts.

The urge will be powerfully upon us, when the present war is ended, to do away with everything that might remind us of the blood and sweat and tears of conflict. This time the pacifists and romanticists will not only implore the American people to scuttle their warships because the millennium has again arrived—this time for keeps!—but we will be implored to do away with the new fighting arm, our military and naval aviation.

In an excess of joy and self-esteem, we will entertain thoughts of another "disarmament conference," at which beautiful resolutions could be adopted, forever outlawing submarines and bombing planes. And if we are simple-minded enough to fall for the pipe dreams of the visionaries and the fallacious arithmetic of the "practical" men who will tell us how wasteful it is to maintain a large navy in peacetime, *you* know what the result will be. You know now, from experience. I hope you will remember it when the reaction sets in with the advent of the next peace.

What will happen if we don't remember it is this: The United States will beat its battleships into refrigerators and soda fountains, convert its arsenals into skating rinks, and prohibit the manufacture of airplanes with a speed of more than 250 miles an hour. And while we are sitting around telling ourselves what a noble example we are to the world, somewhere another homicidal lunatic with megalomaniac ideas of world conquest will create a war machine of unmatched ferocity. Then, once more, we will have to endure insult and encroachment until we can arm ourselves at the extravagantly high prices of "war-boom" times, and do the whole loathsome job over again.

No, sir! *This* time we are going to keep our navy, and *keep it up*. On the sea, under it, and above it too.

What is more, we shall have to *use* that flying, diving, floating navy of ours; for if we are to be spared the extravagant necessity of war in every generation we must use our strength to *prevent* the warmakers from getting a head start on us.

If that sounds to you suspiciously like using the navy to enforce the peace, you are hearing me correctly. That is just what I do mean. The isolationists and the pacifists won't back me up in that argument, but history does.

I can hear the squawks and the ponderous rebuttal right now. "We must not meddle in the affairs of foreign nations," is one cry that goes up. So be it. But every theorem has its converse. We shall see to it that no foreign nation meddles in *our* affairs.

Next somebody adjusts his nose glasses, on the end of a broad black ribbon, and intones: "Aha, so Secretary Knox proposes that we employ our navy to enforce the status quo, what?" And to that I answer, "Fiddlesticks!" or worse. What do they mean by "status quo," anyhow? Does a police force defend any status quo? Does the F. B. I.? Did the Texas Rangers? Certainly not. But enforcement of the peace, by whatever agency, keeps the highwaymen from terrorizing the law-abiding, keeps burglars from invading one's home. Legitimate differences such as boundary disputes, extortion, swindling—all the quarrels which we have learned nationally to settle on their merits but which *internationally* are still decided by the cave man's law of tooth and fang—can and shall be settled in courts of international law.

Of course, such courts have failed in the past. What chance did they have when the nations which abandoned war as an instrument of national policy serenely disarmed themselves but permitted those countries which still worshiped mass murder to arm themselves to the teeth?

The United States Navy cannot, and should not, do the job alone. It will have with it, in the United Kingdom, the one other great sea power which has renounced war as a career. Together these two nations will dominate the Seven Seas, which will always be the major highways for international communication. In partnership with Canada, Australia, the Union of South Africa, the Latin-American republics, and, very likely, a renascent China, the maritime partnership will also control the air lanes of the world.

The opportunities available to the United States for the winning of the peace are tremendous. So, of course, will be the responsibilities. Two things the dominant nations must see that the world avoids, themselves eminently included. One is a return to the selfish, trouble-breeding nationalism which, like a minor wound that permits death-dealing infection to enter the body, was the forerunner of Fascism and Nazism. The other is the control and exploitation by a few of the world's natural resources. That

(*Continued on page 37*)

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

The Perfect Menace

☆ SOON or late to every married man comes the staggering conviction that he has married the wrong woman. It came to Andrew Hollister, Jr., in his own cellar on a crisp November afternoon at precisely twenty-two minutes past six.

Up to that point the Hollisters had been happily married for about four years. They lived in a little house overlooking the salt marshes of Long Island Sound, with two children—Sally, three years old, and Vicky, nine months—Opal, their black jewel of a cook, and Mrs. Chips, their equally black but much less dictatorial Labrador retriever.

At twenty minutes past six on this fateful day, Andy Hollister came home tired, happy, and still in love with his wife. He had, of course, deserted her that afternoon—it was a Saturday—to play some end-of-the-season tennis with the Lamberts, who needed a fourth. But his conscience was comfortably elastic, and on such occasions he stretched it by reminding himself of the horrors of commuting he underwent to make life in the country possible for his family. Besides, the Lamberts' visitor had turned out to be one Phoebe Jackson, a poised young divorcee who had managed to convey the distinct impression that Andy Hollister, married or not, was still tall, dark, reasonably handsome.

With this impression still happily in mind, young Mr. Hollister parked Lazarus—the venerable jaloppy resurrected from the local junk pile—behind his wife's not-quite-paid-for sedan. He sniffed the cold salt breeze off the marshes. He made a mental note that the wind was right for duck hunting on the morrow. Then he went whistling into the house.

He looked into the living room and noted with approval the empty play pen, which meant that the children were in bed. Then he crossed the room and looked into the kitchen. Neither his wife nor Opal was in evidence, but from the cellar arose an ominous clanking sound. Puzzled, he opened the cellar door and descended the steep stairs. The time, if he had noted it, was exactly six twenty-one.

In front of the furnace Janet Hollister grimly awaited her husband's arrival. Before her, on a newspaper, a pile of bleached and dusty ashes. In her hands the clumsy coal shovel. A smudge of soot ran down the soft line of her cheek and across her determined jaw. On occasion, young Mrs. Hollister could be very glamorous indeed. Now, to put it mildly, she was not. Her brown eyes were red with dust. Even her dark hair looked indignant.

"Well!" she said in that explosive monosyllable of contempt and anger that wives have reserved for their husbands through the ages.

"Well," echoed Andy blankly. "Where's Opal?" He didn't really care where Opal was; he was simply reminding Janet that the furnace was not his province.

"Opal's gone," snapped Janet. "Her brother's sick. And this thing went out. And there's no supper. And Sally gave Vicky a marble and I think she swallowed it. And it's all your fault!"

Andy surveyed the woman he had sworn to cherish. Without conscious volition on his part, his mind suddenly conjured up a vision of Phoebe Jackson as he had seen her last, bare-legged and delectable in tennis shorts, golden braids—not a hair out of place—wound sleekly around her head.

"*My* fault?"

Janet threw down the shovel with a vicious clang. "Look at this furnace! Cold. Dead. Where have you been? Don't tell me you've been playing tennis all this time."

Andy made an ill-judged attempt to oil the delicate mechanism of marriage with humor. "I met my dream girl," he said. "Blonde. Beautiful legs. A backhand like Marble's and . . ."

"That's just dandy!" Janet was definitely not amused. "That's just fine. You play tennis with blondes and I stoke the furnace. I nurse and cook and run this menagerie, and you can't even come home on time! If that's your idea of marriage, you can have it!" She stamped up the stairs.

Andy forgot that he had dragged his wife out of bed at five o'clock that morning to go duckhunting with him. He forgot the wear and tear on female nerves of two small children. His mind was full of the bitter thought that his wife looked like a scarecrow and acted like a shrew.

He leaned down and savagely picked up the shovel. He addressed the cavernous maw of the furnace. "Boy, was I a sucker!" he said. The revelation was complete. The time was exactly six twenty-two.

They patched it up after a fashion. the way most married couples have to do. They spoke as seldom as possible, avoiding each other's eyes, but Andy set the table and opened a can of soup while Janet washed her face and put some of her hair back where it belonged. Then they sat down at opposite ends of the table and dourly thought very similar thoughts about each other. The main difference was that while Janet did not know whom she should have married, Andy thought he did—or maybe even still could. So he glowered at his plate and said nothing until Janet announced—to no one in particular—that she was exhausted and after supper was going straight to bed.

At this Andy looked up apprehensively. "I'm afraid you can't do that," he said.

For the first time Janet looked directly at him.

"Andy Hollister," she said, "if you've invited people here after the sort of day I've had, I swear I'll . . ."

"How was I to know what sort of day you had?" snapped her husband. "I simply suggested that the Lamberts come over to my house—this is still my house, isn't it?—and play some bridge."

"Bridge!" exploded Janet. "Why, Anna Lambert doesn't play bridge!"

"No," said Andy smugly, "but Phoebe does."

It was right here that Janet made her first serious mistake. "Phoebe," she said, as if the word had an unpleasant smell. "Who is this Phoebe? I suppose *she's* your dream girl—your beautiful blonde tennis goddess."

Andy narrowed his eyes a little. "She's a very attractive person," he said in a tone which implied that Janet certainly was not. "Furthermore, she's a very capable one. She rides, shoots, plays championship bridge and tennis . . ."

"She sounds like a perfect menace," Janet said sweetly—too sweetly. "I suppose this paragon is married?"

"She *was*," Andy said meaningly—"to somebody named Jackson. But she divorced him." He took out his pipe and filled it moodily. "Anyway, they're coming over in a little while. They won't stay long, but I did want you to meet Phoebe . . ."

Janet stood up and began piling dishes on a tray. "Did you?" she said. "Well, I can hardly wait."

It's a funny thing about marriage. The whole delicate fabric can be torn to ribbons, and yet if company is coming the shreds are always swept under the rug and something that looks like the original is put in its place. Pride, no doubt. Or habit.

Anyway, when the Lamberts and their guest arrived, the living room was tidied, the bridge table was set up, the beer was on the ice. The only

As Phoebe arose, dripping and furious, Andy sat on the gunwale of the boat and laughed until he cried.

BY ARTHUR GORDON

When a wife encourages a beautiful blonde . . Well, it makes any man wonder

ILLUSTRATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

discordant note arose from the fact that Andy had failed to tell Janet that their guests would be in evening dress. Even that was of short duration; after one murderous glance at her husband, Janet smoothed her short skirt and put on her best smile to greet Phoebe Jackson.

☆ FROM that first moment of introduction Janet was at a disadvantage, and she knew it. It was not merely a matter of clothes—long black lace contrasted with a simple afternoon dress. Or of personal appearance—tall blonde beauty as opposed to everyday brunette good looks. It was more than that. It was the alacrity with which Andy stepped forward to take Phoebe's wrap; it was the triumphant I-told-you-so glance he threw at Janet; it was the ever so subtle difference in the handclasps that Phoebe gave Janet and Andy respectively.

Gene Lambert—good old Gene—did not notice. But Anna, his very fragile and feminine wife, did, and felt a protective rush of loyalty toward Janet.

When Mrs. Chips came out from behind the sofa to sniff critically at the guests, Phoebe ran a knowing hand over the dog's head.

"Nice bitch," she said. "Good in the field?"

"Not bad," Andy said, delighted at this familiarity with his favorite sport. "She retrieved four this morning—didn't lose any."

"On our place in Maryland," Phoebe said, "we use Chesapeakes mostly."

"Hey!" cried Gene Lambert, banging on the card table. "Did we come here to play bridge or discuss dogs? Come on. I want Phoebe for a partner. I want to play with the gal who played with Culbertson."

Andy was impressed. "Have you really?" he asked Phoebe.

Phoebe laughed. "In a minor tournament once. Nassau, I think."

"Nassau!" Andy repeated softly. There was a rapt, faraway look in his eyes. Janet saw it, and it frightened her a little. Once, when they were engaged, Andy's firm had offered him a season in Nassau, all expenses paid. There were big accounts lying around down there for an enterprising investment counselor. But Andy had turned it down. He'd wanted to be with Janet. . . .

Janet picked up her hand and looked blankly at the cards. She was not, she told herself fiercely, afraid of Phoebe or any other blonde. But she *was* afraid of the latent restlessness, the hidden discontent of any captive male. Let that discontent crystallize, let it find a tangible desirable object on which to focus itself . . . She made up her mind quickly.

"Andy," she said in a clear proud voice, "why don't you take Phoebe duckhunting in the morning?"

In succession Andy's face registered shock, incredulity, pleasurable anticipation, then doubt.

"How about you?" he said slowly. "Don't you want to go?"

"I can't leave the children," she said. "Opal will be back early, but not that early. Besides, I'd like to catch up on sleep—babies permitting."

Andy glanced at Phoebe, trying not to look too eager. "Well," he said, "how about it? You'll have to get up before daylight, but . . ."

At the original suggestion, Phoebe had glanced warily at Janet. Now she, too, had made up her mind. "I'd love it," she said coolly.

Anna Lambert uttered a small worried sound of protest. She was no sportswoman—far from it—but she did know that in local hunting the gunners lay side by side in a narrow boat, sometimes for hours. Now she said hastily, "But, Phoebe, you know you haven't anything to wear."

Janet said easily, "Gene can lend her his hunting clothes, can't you, Gene?"

"Certainly," Gene said.

☆ THE bridge proceeded. The Hollisters were no match for their opponents. Besides, Janet's mind did not seem to be on the game. Finally, after she had bid herself into a particularly hopeless position, Andy pointed this out. Gene suggested politely that the distribution of the cards was against Janet. Andy growled that the trouble lay in the distribution of brain cells. Phoebe smiled, made a shrewd lead that sent Janet down another trick. Vulnerable.

At that moment, appropriately, from the floor above arose a faint wail that mounted to a desperate yell.

Phoebe glanced up in amazement. "Heavens," she said, "what's that? It sounds like a coyote."

"So it does," agreed Janet. "However, it's just one of my offspring. Excuse me a moment."

She mounted the stairs. A moment later peace descended.

Anna Lambert firmly rolled up her knitting. "Come on, Gene," she said. "It's getting late. Besides, if Phoebe persists in this idiotic scheme to get up at the screech of dawn . . ."

"I certainly do," Phoebe said. She looked at Andy. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Andy smiled a little uncomfortably, and Anna set her lips in a thin disapproving line. She looked up as Janet came down the stairs. "Everything under control?" she asked.

"It was Sally," Janet said, smiling. "There was a lion in her closet. She heard it growling." She glanced at Andy. "I told you not to tell her those hair-raising hunting stories."

Phoebe was adjusting her evening wrap. "How'd you calm her?" she asked idly. "By reasoning with her?"

"No," Janet said. "By leaving the light on."

"Bad psychology, isn't it?"

"Maybe," Janet said gently, "but I believe in letting victims of hallucinations see for themselves, don't you?" She paused for an answer, then, getting none, she added briskly, "Andy, why don't you run Phoebe home? You can discuss your plans for tomorrow and meanwhile I'll clear these card things away."

Andy glanced strangely at his wife, started to speak, changed his mind. "Sure," he said finally. "Love to."

He disappeared down the path toward the garage. The Lamberts, now thoroughly baffled, followed slowly. Phoebe and Janet stood on the porch.

"This is very—generous of you," Phoebe said. For the life of her she could not decide in which mental pigeonhole to place the affable girl.

"Not at all," Janet said cheerfully. "I hope you get some birds tomorrow. With this no-shooting-before-sunrise law, it's hard to be sure, though. I'd advise you to forget the law and take any shots you can get—as soon as it's light enough to see."

"Thanks," said Phoebe, "I will." Andy had backed the sedan out of the garage and was waiting. "Good night," she said, and went down the path.

Janet waited until the hum of the motor had died away. Then she went inside and looked up a number in the telephone directory. She smiled a little as she dialed it.

☆ IN the warm intimate darkness of the car Andy looked sideways at Phoebe's calm profile and wondered again why Janet had suggested his taking her home. Or why she had suggested the duckhunting, for that matter. Sheer bravado, he decided finally. Janet was daring him to do something about it, that's what she was doing. He stopped the car in front of the Lamberts' house. All right, he said to himself, all right, if that's the way she feels about it.

He slid his arm along the seat behind Phoebe. "All set now?" he asked. "Quarter to six?"

She turned her head and looked at him. "Right," she said.

"Good night?" It was a question.

She let her head fall back against his arm. He kissed her. Her lips were sweet and warm, but suddenly his conscience, stretched for once too far, came between them. He drew back. "Thanks," he muttered awkwardly.

She gave a little laugh, opened the door, and jumped out. "See you," she said, "quarter to six."

He drove home arguing fiercely with himself. The light was out in the bedroom, but he knew Janet was not asleep. He undressed, crawled into his own bed, and lay staring into the dark. Finally he said abruptly, "Look, Jan. You don't *mind* my taking Phoebe out tomorrow, do you? After all, it was your idea, and besides . . ."

Janet yawned loudly in the darkness. "I think Mrs. Chips will be an adequate chaperon, if that's what you mean," she said. And rolled over. And went to sleep.

☆ FIVE hours later the alarm clock exploded like a bomb. Andy sat up and carefully turned it off. Next thing he knew, Janet was shaking him.

"Wake up," she said. "You don't want to disappoint the lady, do you?"

Her husband staggered out of bed and shivered into the bathroom. As he dressed he caught a glimpse of his

face in the mirror and decided that maybe he'd better shave.

When he finally went downstairs Janet was in the kitchen, and coffee and orange juice were on the table.

Janet watched him as he wolfed them down. Then, "Have a good time, dear," she said. She came close and patted his cheek. "M'mm," she said, "pretty smooth. I'm sure the ducks will appreciate that." And humming a little tune, she went back upstairs.

Phoebe was waiting when he stopped Lazarus in front of the Lamberts' house. She was wearing Gene's hunting clothes, and they were yards too big for her, but she didn't look at all silly. On the contrary, with her shining hair tucked under a hunting cap she managed to look both competent and desirable—quite a trick, Andy thought, at that hour.

"I think I'll bring my car," she said, "so that you won't have to drive me back. Can I follow you?"

"If you'd rather," he said.

They parked both cars in a side road and walked down to the river with Mrs. Chips panting eagerly in front of them. The eastern sky was pink now, and along the mud flats ducks were already quacking sleepily. The little boat, camouflaged with grass, lay half in and half out of the water. Andy unlocked the cover, checked the decoys, and began to blow up the rubber cushion that Janet always demanded when she went with him.

"Good Lord," said Phoebe, "what's that object?"

Andy explained, as delicately as possible, Janet's aversion to getting her bottom wet.

"Take it away," Phoebe said. "I wouldn't be caught dead sitting on one of those things. What's a little cold water, after all?"

Andy tossed the cushion up on the bank. He glanced admiringly at Phoebe. Why, the girl had everything! Then he whistled Mrs. Chips into the stern, settled himself at the oars, and shoved off.

"We're early, after all," he said, as they moved slowly past the mist-wreathed marshes. "We're not supposed to shoot until sunup, you know."

"Your wife said something about it," murmured Phoebe. She picked up her gun and sighted down the barrels. "Silly rule, isn't it?"

"The game warden doesn't think so," Andy told her. "He goes around here in an outboard motorboat, and I understand he's a tough customer."

Three hundred yards from shore a clump of marsh grass loomed dark against the silver surface of the little tidal river. "This looks like a good place," Andy said, and drove the boat into the grass until it was hidden. "Hand me the decoys, will you?"

Phoebe passed them to him one by one, and he tossed them out into the shallow water. Phoebe stood up too, steadying herself on Andy's arm, and surveyed them critically. "Too far downstream," she declared at last. "Black ducks always come in to the head of the decoys. You'd better move 'em up a few yards."

Andy glanced at her sharply. He was not used to having women tell him what to do—at least, not in a duckboat—and for a moment he found himself restraining an alarming impulse to tell Phoebe to shut up. But then she smiled at him and he forgot what he was going to say. Besides, as a matter of fact, she was right.

He stepped into the icy water—the cold came through his rubber boots like a knife—and waded out to the decoys and shifted them. Then he came back and crawled into the boat and he and Phoebe lay down side by side, guns ready, Mrs. Chips at their feet.

He was very close to Phoebe now. They lay on their backs, so as to be

"I hope you live here ten years from now—eloping from this window will be a cinch."

able to watch the sky. Their shoulders were wedged tightly together, and as Andy turned his head a strand of golden hair escaped from under Phoebe's cap and touched his face. It made him jump, the soft feathery little caress. She must have felt it too, for she gave a little sigh and closed her eyes and nestled her cheek against his shoulder. Her mouth was very close to his. It awakened memories of the kiss of the night before.

Then, in the stern of the boat, Mrs. Chips raised her head and twitched her ears, and Andy hesitated, remembering what Janet had said about a chaperon. Just how long he would have hesitated he never knew, but suddenly he heard what the dog was hearing—the only sound that could have taken his mind off Phoebe just then—the high-pitched whistle of wind through a duck's wings.

"Shhh!" he said. "Don't move."

Phoebe's blue eyes opened wide. Seconds later, a pair of mallards flashed overhead, spotted the decoys, and flared in a wide circle.

"Look," Andy whispered, sitting up cautiously and peering through the screens of grass. "They're coming in." Hastily he dragged out his watch. "Damn!" he muttered. "It's still two minutes before sunup. Well, we can watch 'em, anyway."

With his eyes glued to the opening in the grass, Andy watched the ducks coast down, heads turning alertly for any sign of danger. Down dropped their feet. Wings flashed as they backpedaled furiously for a landing.

Then, without warning, right beside Andy's head the world was shattered by a double explosion. The lead duck, killed cleanly, collapsed into the water just beyond the decoys. The other, badly winged, turned and wavered upstream. Andy felt the whole boat lurch as Mrs. Chips went overboard with a prodigious splash. Ears ringing, numb with shock, he turned furiously upon Phoebe, who was calmly reloading her gun.

"Shouldn't have lost that second bird," she said coolly.

For a moment Andy was speechless with rage. Then, "I *told* you not to shoot before sunrise!" he yelled.

"Oh," said Phoebe, "what difference does it make?"

☆ IF there had been time, Andy might have slapped her, but before he could raise his hand he heard the sound he'd been dreading. Half a mile upstream an outboard motor sputtered angrily into life.

"What difference?" he roared. "That's the difference, you little fool! That's the game warden. And he's coming after us. And you haven't even got your license with you!"

At the mention of the game warden, Phoebe turned the color of an old oyster shell. "What'll we do?"

"Do?" Andy echoed savagely. "Get out of here. Take this oar. Get the boat out while I pick up the decoys."

Frantically he plunged overboard. As he snatched the decoys, he shot a fearful glance upstream, where the outboard was now humming like a malevolent hornet. Even as he looked, a boat appeared around the bend. A man was standing upright in it, and when he saw Andy, he waved. There was no doubt—it was the game warden.

With an armful of icy decoys, he rushed back to the boat, dragged it out of the grass, and snatched the oar from Phoebe. "Get the other oar!" he yelled. "Paddle!"

As he dug his oar into the water, Mrs. Chips ranged alongside, triumphantly bearing the dead duck. With strength born of desperation, Andy seized her by the neck and yanked her into the boat. Blindly he groped behind him, found the duck, and hurled this *corpus delicti* as far from the boat as possible. But as he turned back, he felt the boat give a new lurch. Mrs. Chips, puzzled by this new sort of game, but still eager to please, had gone overboard again.

Upstream, the occupant of the motorboat gave vent to an angry yell, and a wave of panic swept over Andy. He dropped the oar, seized the anchor rope, and sprang into the water. He could tow the boat faster through the shallow water than he could paddle, and the landing was only a hundred yards away.

(*Continued on page 54*)

The *Quins* and th Kidnaper

Danger for five! The secret of why a hoped-for homecoming is delayed

Light floods the nursery's grounds from dusk to dawn. At left are the gate guardhouse and the staff house.

Here, lined up, is the whole Dionne family. Oh, you can tell which five are the quins—but let's hear you tell which quin is which!

As one quin may be saying to another one, in French, this is nicer than staying shut up inside a hospital.

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ OLIVA and Elzire Dionne have won a victory in their long fight to regain control of their unique and famous offspring. But, even though they have, their dream of a reunited family freed of restraint is still a dream. The quins' world must continue to have a fence around it. Their lives must still be lived under spotlights, literally. For they are known to be magnets to kidnapers.

The quins do not know what kidnaping, in either French or English, means. They do not understand why they must continue to live like patients in a hospital or prisoners. They want to "go home to papa and mama."

They have one million dollars laid by for them. They are waited on hand and foot. Their physiques approach perfection. Their every physical need is anticipated and attended to in the most approved scientific manner. They have the latest toys. They have their own private school. But when I asked them separately, "What do you want to do most?" Emilie said, "Go to our parents' home." Cécile gave the same response. So did Annette and Marie. Yvonne, most outspoken of the five, has repeatedly appealed to visitors, "Pray for the quins that very soon they may go to live with mama and papa."

Since 1939, I have had the unusual opportunity of seeing the quins, at regular intervals, in their living quarters at all hours of the day. I have observed a marked change in them in the last year. No longer meek, they

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Christmas coming? They all simultaneously bob up at "mama" and give her a great big fivefold kiss.

BY CLARK KINNAIRD

have a will of their own and they express it. They are now seven, an age at which a child no longer obeys blindly, and when it is bursting with curiosity about everything and wants to see what is around the bend in the road.

The Rev. Father Francis X. Talbot, S. J., of New York, after visiting the quins recently and talking with their parents and Dr. Dafoe, declared, "The Dionne girls are reaching a crisis in their lives, not physical or moral but emotional and psychological. The outcome will affect their souls, their minds, their personalities.

"They cannot be kept prisoners and remain normal. They cannot be treated as abnormalities without being turned into neurotics. Their bodies have been marvelously well taken care of. It is imperative now to think of their minds and their personalities. It is dangerous to keep them shut off from the world.

"They can only be saved, in their minds and in their souls, by releasing them from the nursery and turning them back to mama and papa."

This, the first outspoken declaration from a Roman Catholic churchman, was well timed. The Dionnes are Roman Catholics. French Canadians are Roman Catholics. The Ontario government, which imposed a guardianship on the quins in infancy, had been under pressure to restore control of them to their parents until it could no longer resist.

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe had long stood between the quins and any further exploitation, and he had declared repeatedly that he was for removal of them from the public limelight before it affected their well-being. He opposed repeated efforts to take them to the New York World's Fair, to Hollywood to make a movie, to fairs in Canada.

A project for removing them from their nursery into a common home with the parents had been brought up two years before only to be opposed by commercial interests, which expected any such change to ruin the businesses founded on the Callander tourist trade. Meanwhile, the understandable opposition of the parents to expenditure of any of the quins' money on enlargement of the nursery left the five in living quarters that they had outgrown and that were unsuited to their needs.

In their first years, since they had been born prematurely, there was a

Below: "Three men, all veterans of military or police service," are doing full-time guard duty.

sound medical reason for their isolated lives in the equivalent of a hospital. More than a year ago it was obvious that it was no longer necessary to surround them with such rigid medical precautions. The extraordinary care given them had built up an above-normal resistance to infections and diseases. Members of the staff and the family came down with colds which the quins escaped. A more dramatic proof of their excellent physical condition was provided when it was discovered that one of their nurses had become tubercular since joining the staff. She was, of course, immediately relieved from duty. A series of tests over a long period confirmed that they had not become infected. Yet this nurse had eaten with them, dressed them, bathed them, slept in the same room with them for months. The examinations established their physical condition as excellent and their life expectancy as well above average.

Yet the fences around the nursery could not come down, nor could the quins be sent back to their parents' house across the road. For there was still a great body of tourists eager to see them. The curiosity of these sight-seers had to be kept within bounds, and there was an even more important consideration:

Kidnaping.

It was, and is, no conjectural menace. The quintuplet guardianship has evidence of at least two attempts of intruders to break into the living quarters of the quins. The facts about the first attempt, made when they were only ten weeks old, became public then. The second attempt, which occurred a year ago, is now revealed for the first time.

On August 7, 1934, the quins were still at their father's farmhouse in five homemade incubators. The structure, a few feet from the muddy lane that had suddenly become noisily jammed with traffic, was taxed to the utmost to accommodate mother and father, five older children, three nurses, a doctor, sterilizers, iceboxes, washing machines. There was no running water, no gas, no electricity, no telephone. Quiet came only at night.

☆ AND in this night an attempt was made from the outside to raise a window in the room where the babies slept. The twenty-one-year-old Yvonne Leroux, the night nurse, first heard the sounds of it. The clock stood at a quarter of one and the household was resting from a day of worried activity. For in that week the quintuplets were very near to death. A few days before, Marie, the tiniest of them, weighing only three pounds, had been operated on for removal of a tumor on the right thigh by Dr. Howard Kelly and his son, Dr. Edmund Kelly, of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore. All five were running temperatures, with a complication of complaints attendant to premature and multiple birth in summer.

In the adjoining room, Mrs. Elzire Dionne, the twenty-four-year-old mother, was aroused from her sleep by the noise. Her youngest son, Daniel, aged two, woke up and cried with fright at the commotion. Miss Leroux, who had been dozing beside the stove in the sitting room, hurried into the nursery and threw up the window curtain. The night was dark and she could not see out clearly, but she heard a movement from the direction of the pasture that drops away from the farmhouse to the east. She called the night orderly. He, too, heard some one running and, a bit later, heard a motorcar down the road.

Provincial constables investigated, and immediately further protection was thrown around the quins. Neighbors dropped their haying to volunteer as guards, and talked angrily of lynching. Dr. Dafoe said that if any one of the quins had been kidnaped, the child would have died.

BY KIRK STILES

"Mrs. Roosevelt, I presume?"

These details come from a report written at the time by Keith Munro, then a newspaperman. It so happened that the responsibility of insuring protection of the quins had fallen upon Munro when the second known plot to kidnap them came to a head, for by that time he was business manager of the quintuplet guardianship.

The first attempt had hastened the removal of the quins to the new hospital especially constructed for them across the road. A high steel fence was put up around the nursery grounds. Entry was possible only through two gates, which were kept locked every minute they weren't in use, and only members of the immediate family and members of the staff were permitted to enter without the advance approval of the guardians or Dr. Dafoe and identification to the guards. A record of every arrival and departure was kept. All prospective employees were investigated.

Three men, all veterans of military or police service, were assigned to full-time guard duty. In addition, during the hours when sight-seers were crowding around the nursery, regular provincial traffic policemen were stationed outside the fences. A private telephone line had been constructed from the nursery to Callander. A specially trained Great Dane dog, Tony, had been brought in. Guards had to make and record regular rounds of the premises; the rest of the time they spent in the guardhouse at the main gate, which had windows and lighting that permitted observation in all directions. The protection of the quins seemed complete.

☆ NEVERTHELESS, late one night in October, 1940, the guard on duty became aware that an automobile had stopped down the road toward Callander, near the nursery fence. Tony showed interest, too, with a low growl. The guard went to investigate. He saw two shadowy forms close to the fence, realized they were attempting to get over it, and started for them. They ran to the waiting car and sped away. A thorough search was made of the scene of the attempt and of the grounds, but without uncovering any clues.

Next morning, neighbors told of having noticed two strangers closely observing the nursery and its environs. They had been supposed to be sight-seers. On the two nights previous, a car had been parked farther down the road but within easy distance of the nursery. All this added up in the guardians' minds to a kidnap threat.

Consequently additional protective measures were adopted. For obvious reasons, they cannot be detailed. However, the nursery is no longer shrouded in darkness at night. Powerful lights, set on high poles, flood the entire grounds from dusk to dawn. The quins sleep now in an air-conditioned room, for the blinds must be drawn and the windows kept closed to keep out the light and the insects it attracts. Their fingerprints are in the files of police in Canada and the United States.

Oliva Dionne long ago made plans for a new house in which to reunite his family, on a site he owns in the woods beside a lake, about ten miles from the present homestead. But this site is too isolated for safety and expediency. The new home will rise on a hill back of the present Dafoe nursery, whose walls will be extended to take it in. Tourist-traveled roads from Ottawa and Toronto will still lead to the gate. There won't be any lake front, but there will be a pond created by damming a stream. The present nursery will become an enlarged private school for the quins. They will be able to romp, climb, picnic, garden, splash in water—do all the things they have repeatedly expressed a wish to do. No, not all. They have longed to take automobile trips, like their brothers and sisters. They would like to see Montreal and to visit New York, which they have seen in movies. But how could they, with sight-seers always likely to recognize and pounce upon them, and with a kidnaping menace ever present?

THE END

A violent tearing splotch of light jumped against the black face of the night.

Blood of the Dragon

A plane in flames . . a ghost of a dead man still alive! What strange doings are these?

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on the next page.

PART SIX—AMERICA'S AMERICAN ENEMIES

☆ FOR a moment both men were silent, as Simpson looked warily around him. Death, he knew, lurked for both of them in every shadow.

"It is very simple," he said to Hugh Trumbull. "The ruse of my death did not work. Nag Yat knows who I am."

"Then, why—"

"Why did he let me live so long? I'm not sure, Hugh. But I can make a good guess. Two reasons. First, he has an idea I know something *he* wants to know."

"Even so, why wait? Why not . . .?"

"Put the screws on me—that what you mean—force me to divulge what I know—by torture?" Simpson laughed mirthlessly. "That's where the second reason comes in. Matter of Mongol psychology. The Mongol — perhaps rightly—believes that anticipation is the finest part of pleasure. Pleasure in passion of love or—passion of hate. Hate expressed by sadistic torture . . . and, in his mind, the anticipation of it, relishing it in advance and . . ."

The other gave a little shudder, and Simpson continued, "Got any message from New York?"

"Right. I have direct word from

Macdonnell about the Chinese girl. She is all right—up and around and all that. But she will be an invalid—heart trouble—all the rest of her life."

Simpson swallowed hard. His feeling of frustration, of powerlessness gripped him again. Oh, yes—he had had power more than once in the past to change the course of history. But today—in this thing which was happening to Li Su-Chang—why, what was he going to do? How was he going to cure her, to help her recover from her sudden heart attack, unless he knew the cause?

The cause! The very mystery which was at the core of the conspiracy! Which doubtless was the conspiracy itself . . . a weapon, not of steel or gas to attack the American army, to shatter limbs and maim and blind, but a weapon, sneaking and subtle, to attack the heart—to kill slowly, slowly . . .

"Got to do something," he reflected. "Nag Yat doesn't know yet that I know that *he* knows *me*. He'll feel safe—sure that I won't get away. But I've little time to . . ."

☆ MOMENTARILY Harland Simpson was again silent. He looked about.

No human being was in sight; no house nor hut, no plowed field nor any sign of cultivation. There was only the small landing field framed on one side by low rolling hills that were thickly covered with scrub and dwarf agave, on the other side by long sand dunes, while in the far distance, where the higher hills stumbled their stony avalanche, a twilight of iridescent color glowed among the purple trooping shadows.

Above it all vaulted a sky of polished steel with a huge blaze of light; hot, dry—and lonely.

Oh, yes, he thought, so lonely. Just what he needed; and he inquired, "How far from town?"

"About ten miles," replied Hugh Trumbull.

"Many people come out this way?"

"Hardly anybody — ever. Except when, as today, a plane arrives. As a rule, there's only one plane a week, with the mail, from Mexico City."

"Fine and dandy." Simpson paused. He lit a cigarette. "Look here!" he went on. "Any chance of my being able to get a skeleton?"

"A-a wh-what?" Trumbull stammered.

"Skeleton. You know—bones, nice and white and brittle, of *homo* more or less *sapiens*. Male gender, if possible. And I need it right away."

Trumbull blinked. There were legends current, when men of H.L.7 got together and swapped yarns of the service, about Simpson's eccentricities; yet eccentricities that, more often than not, turned out to be based on cool common sense.

He said, "I have a friend here, a young physician, who may be able to fix you up."

"Good! Safe man—from our angle? Won't ask too many embarrassing questions?"

"Judge for yourself. He's a Spaniard—*and* a *Jew*—*and* a revolutionary—*and* was captured by General Franco's little Italian pals—*and* placed before a firing squad—*and* cheated fate by falling down and playing dead dog when the rifle volley missed him—*and* was pinched, in occupied French territory a few months ago, by a German Gestapo agent—*and* killed the latter—*and* escaped to Mexico. . . ."

"Safe," interrupted the detective, "on half a dozen counts. And he owns a skeleton?"

"Not exactly. Mendez—that's his name—owns a body—though it isn't in first-class shape. Rather mutilated and shopworn. Because," Trumbull smiled reminiscently, "he calls it Adolf, and when he gets drunk he—oh—he operates on it."

"Spare me the grisly details. What'll you tell him you want the body for?"

"Tell me first what do *you* want it for?"

Simpson explained. "Quite some disguise, eh?" he added.

Trumbull laughed. "Much more effective," was his comment, "than the helmet and goggles and thick Italian accent you used on your way down here. Sound and absolutely final, chief. And, too, it'll give me a line on how to handle Ike Mendez. I'll whisper in his ear that you're a notorious German anti-Nazi, with a price on your head and Hitler's strong-arm guys after you, and that you're employing this method to fool them."

"Right. Incidentally, it'll thrust a temporary spoke into Nag Yat's wheels. You see, his idea is to take off again late tonight, and he doesn't expect to be back in New York until a week from Thursday. Which shows that he wants to use the plane to go places from here."

"What places?"

"And for the sake of what deviltry? That's up to us to find out. At all events, we'll be making it harder for him to circulate. For I don't suppose there are any private planes for hire in this neck o' the woods?"

"None here in Mérida."

"There's the mail plane you mentioned. Is it on regular schedule?"

"Every Tuesday morning."

"Then it'll be of no use to Nag Yat, unless he's hand in glove with the Mexican government—which I doubt, since Uncle Sam and Uncle Pancho are quite good neighbors these days. Know of any private plane in a neighboring town—or any air line?"

"No air line. And no private machine nearer than Vera Cruz. . . . Wait! There's one a little south of here. At Campeche. Belongs to an American prospector. He's broke. Has been trying to sell it."

"He's sold it. I may need it. . . . Wire him—and *pay* him by wire. Here"—he gave Trumbull money—"that enough?"

"Plenty."

"All right. Get a move on and hurry back with Adolf, the dead man. And—something else. You're familiar with the old H.L.7 rule. Things, to appear genuine, must *be* genuine in all details. So the clothes I have on will have to be sacrificed. Bits of burnt, singed material—you know—to make the cheese more binding, if the authorities should investigate. Get me some other clothes—nice and light. I'm sweating like a bull."

"It's Sunday. The stores are closed."

Simpson looked the other up and down.

"Too bad," he said, shaking his head, "that you're such a little shrimp. Otherwise . . ."

"I'd be minus my best Palm Beach. Well, Ike Mendez is more your size, chief. I guess he'll let you have some of his, though—I warn you—he goes in for Mexican stuff. Peon style. Sombrero and colorful serape and *huarachos* and a dash of garlic. To get close to the throbbing heart of the pee-pul—if you know what I mean."

"I don't mind garlic, as long as it's on my own breath. And—say!"—as Trumbull climbed into his car—"can you get me a few pounds of black powder?"

"I've a lot of shotgun shells."

"That'll do."

☆ HUGH TRUMBULL drove off, while Simpson sat down to a more thorough reading of the letters he had taken from Carlo Gazzetti's pockets.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR IN THIS STORY

☆ HARLAND SIMPSON of the United States intelligence service enlists the aid of Li Su-Chang, beautiful Chinese hat-check girl at the Golden Peiping Cabaret in New York City, in trapping Nag Yat, a renegade Chinese posing as a Korean business man. Nag Yat, Simpson believes, is mixed up in a conspiracy against the United States. Telephoning Simpson one morning from a booth in a drugstore, the girl collapses from a heart attack brought on, both Simpson and the hospital doctor believe, by a drug. But how the drug was administered and what it is, they do not know.

Li Su-Chang tells Simpson that Nag Yat's plot concerns a way to strike at every American soldier in the draft camps, and this seems to be confirmed by a report that already an epidemic of heart trouble has broken out in two camps. When he hears that Nag Yat is going to fly to Yucatan in a private plane owned by von Dennewitz, a wealthy German who has become an American citizen, Simpson decides to act. He goes down to Long Island, knocks out the Italian pilot of the plane, and takes his place. With helmet, goggles, and an Italian accent for disguise, he fools Nag Yat and flies the Oriental to Yucatan. Nag Yat leaves the airport, telling his "pilot" that he will be back late that night to take off again. But Simpson has other plans. He has asked Hugh Trumbull, another intelligence man, to meet him, and he tells Hugh, "I'm going to die within the hour. Listen . . ."

Only one, the rest being bills, was of interest to him. It was from a girl in Jersey City who signed herself—very simply—"Snookie-Pie."

The letter itself was in keeping with the signature. It seemed that Snookie-Pie was completely nuts about Biggie-Boy. Indeed, she could hardly wait for him to come back on the seventeenth of the month. The seventeenth, thought the detective and smiled, was a week from Thursday, proving that he had been right about the date of Nag Yat's return.

His smile widened when he read how glad Snookie-Pie was that Biggie-Boy had told her where he was going. Because—lest he should forget her, what with all those Mexican hussies—he was going to hear from her all along the line. Yes—surprise! surprise!—he'd find telegrams from her wherever he was stopping on his journey, at Mérida and Tehuantepec and Mexico City and Saltillo and Sierra Mojada and Chihuahua and El Paso . . . Gee! those places sure sounded romantic; and the next time he'd have to take her along, and little Fifi sent affectionate barkings, and Snookie-Pie herself sent a raft of kisses—one for his cute nose, and one for his cute mouth, and one for his cute left ear, and one for his cute right ear, and one for . . .

Simpson laughed. Hot baby, he decided, but useful. For here was Nag Yat's itinerary.

☆ HE got up. He went over to the plane; took a small steel drill from the tool chest; was hard at work when Hugh Trumbull drove up, forty-five minutes later.

"Did you bring Adolf?" asked Simpson.

Trumbull opened the door of his car.

"Here he is!"

"Thanks." Simpson and Trumbull emptied the car of its cadaverous cargo and set to work. "I bet Snookie-Pie'll cry her eyes out when she hears about Gazzetti's tragic fate. Because—while Nag Yat will think it's me—she will think it's him. Or don't you see?"

"Who's Snookie-Pie?"

"You're too young to know, my lad. Get me some of Ike's wearing apparel?"

"His other suit," Trumbull said, laughingly. "Sunday best. Meant for a fiesta. Wait till you see it!"

He opened a package, and Simpson looked—and sighed.

"Good heavens!"

Then he took off his old clothes, put them in the cockpit, and dressed. In loose white trousers split up the side and braided with scarlet, short gaudily embroidered jacket, elaborately plaited rawhide shoes, gold-laced wide-brimmed hat shading his face, he could have passed for a Mexican *haciendero*.

That's what Trumbull told him.

"Not a trace of the gringo in you," he said. "You look like the real thing."

"And—which is just as important—I can talk Spanish like the real thing. Get that hatchet, Hugh, and lend a hand. We haven't much time to waste."

They went to it. They cut and drilled holes through the tanks that still held several gallons of gasoline; laid a long powder train with the help of the shotgun cartridges; made a torch out of twisted rags.

Trumbull soaked it in oil; held a match to it.

"Here goes!"

He threw it with accurate aim.

By this time, with the dramatic swiftness of the tropics, night had descended; had piled itself up like a dome of deeper black above the black plain and hills. The torch, describing a crimson curve, struck the powder train. The powder hissed, sizzled, popped; the fire skipping across it, racing on toward the plane, toward the threat of the leaking gas tanks.

The explosion came suddenly. There was a short staccato grumbling. It was succeeded by a noise like a colossal cough, an overpowering concussion—and, at the same moment, a violent, tearing splotch of light jumped against the black face of the night. The upper darkness seemed to leap back with an immense flash and crash.

Came a gigantic flame. A single flame. It rose high and straight, with rumbling, muffled detonations that changed to a vicious crackle and splutter as of a machine-gun barrage, while from its cone a lance of sparks stabbed up. The sparks rolled themselves into orange-glowing balls, rapidly splitting into trembling fantastic spikes which wavered, floated above the tossing sea of fire, mated with it, smashed it into a dullish-purple disk.

The disk itself fell. It crumbled into the roaring twisted wreckage. It shivered with a thousand flickering tongues, scarlet and rose pink and dead white.

Then a great sweeping maelstrom of flames—and the plane burned mournfully, grandiosely.

"It died," said Harland Simpson, a little over a week later, to Li Su-Chang and Jim Macdonnell—"it died rather magnificently, and I felt—oh—sort of sorry for it. Such a brave thing—an airplane. . . ."

☆ THEY were in Li Su-Chang's apartment up in the Bronx. From his gilt altar, sitting cross-legged on the lotus pedestal, the Buddha of the Paradise of the West looked down upon them; seemed to smile approvingly as, in terse sentences, the detective related what had happened to him.

Following the itinerary contained in the girl's letter to Carlo Gazzetti, he had flown from place to place in the machine which he had bought from the prospector at Campeche. No! He had not been his own pilot. Dressed like a Mexican *haciendero*—wasn't he?—and acting the part. Driving a plane would have been out of character.

So Hugh Trumbull had sat behind the joy stick. Good thing—wasn't it?—this new rule which Simpson's chief had introduced into H.L.7: that, on top of many other qualifications, the younger agents must be first-rate flyers. . . .

All the way to El Paso the detective had been a brace of jumps ahead of Nag Yat. The Chinese had not been grounded for long; he had gone by boat to Vera Cruz, where he had been met by a Curtiss-Wright.

"Pilot," Simpson said to Macdonnell, "by name of Ole Lindquist. Make a note of it. Naturalized American citizen—I discovered—and frequently in the United States. Have him pulled in

20 QUESTIONS

Gregory Pinquetea, our expert, missed Nos. 6, 7, 12, and 18. Of No. 18 he said: "Why bring up the subject, anyway?"

1—At different times, for different reasons, Noah, Daniel, and John Webster were famous. For what reasons?

2—Who were the original "Assassins"?

3—Can you name three episodes of legendary or religious origin in which an apple played a part?

4—Which U. S. President was recently honored by a memorial in Washington?

5—Who is Queen Mab and where is her realm?

6—What is the highest rank a woman nurse can attain in the U. S army?

7—In American history, what was the famous "Wilderness Road"?

8—In which playing-card suits are the "one-eyed jacks"?

9—What is the most important attribute of an artist's studio—from the artist's point of view?

10—What is meant by bimetallism?

11—Henry Wheeler Shaw, famous dialect humorist, was better known to the public by what name?

12—Which is the oldest U. S. university?

13—What six words open the soliloquy containing the line: "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all"?

14—Does senatorial courtesy mean that all senators must tip their hats to each other, or to ladies they pass on the street, or just what does it mean?

15—What is regarded as the most ancient of sciences?

16—If a person is so above suspicion that no evil can be said about him, then he is, according to ancient saying, like whose wife?

17—What athletic game was invented by a Y. M. C. A. instructor to provide "off-season" exercise?

18—Is it true that cigarette ashes dropped on a rug will discourage moths?

19—To jettison a cargo means what?

20—By what unit of measurement is André Marie Ampère remembered?

(Answers will be found on page 46)

next time he crosses the border, and gone over with a fine comb."

"O. K., chief."

"Not that he'll be able to spill much. I guess he's small fry. But I caught a couple of big ones. Regular whales. Or, at least, I located them. Know where they feed and spawn. For instance, those farms . . ."

There were several of them, very large, and owned by the Sociedad Agricola. That was the firm—did Macdonnell remember?—whose checks settled the debt balance of the merchants over in China who were the original incorporators of the Golden Peiping Cabaret.

☆ HE had had a look at some of these farms. Mixed crops were grown there . . .

"Corn and barley and beans and bananas and sugar cane and—what d'you think, Mac?"

"Marijuana," was the prompt reply.

"Wrong. Not a trace of it. But acres and acres of henequen. A particular brand of henequen."

"Hene— *who?*"

"A plant belonging to the agave family," said Simpson. "You may know it as sisal."

"Oh," asked Li Su-Chang, "they use it to make ropes, don't they?"

"Yes."

"No harm in that," remarked Macdonnell.

"I said," Simpson repeated slowly, "a *particular brand* of henequen. Nor do they use it for ropes—except perhaps, ultimately, ropes with which to hang themselves."

"Oh . . .?"

"They extract from it a glutinous matter which they treat with certain acids—in a number of factories."

He went on to say that he had seen some of these factories both in Mexico City and Chihuahua. Indeed, he had visited a couple, since they were open to the public, since there was nothing furtive about them. On the contrary, supervised by a world-famous German chemist, they were modern superefficient establishments that conformed absolutely as to hours and wages and everything else with the rather radical requirements of the Mexican government. To them great barrels of chemicals were brought; different stuff crushed and boiled to a thick pulp; mixed with the henequen-and-acid derivative and reshaped into books of thin white matches.

This derivative was the only trade secret. Naturally so, on the face of it, since—according to the manufacturers—they had discovered a new kind of match.

"They produce the matches," the detective continued, "at practically no cost at all. During the next few weeks or so, enormous cargoes will be exported to the United States—and all consigned to the Meteor Supreme Corporation."

Macdonnell whistled shrilly.

"The big marketing . . . Listen! D'you remember askin' me to find out, the day you left, if there's been any recent large transactions in tobacco shares?"

"Sure enough."

"You hit the bull's-eye, as per usual—though it beats me how you smell out them things. Y'see, Meteor Supreme common stock jumped thirty points. Somebody's been buyin' control. They had a shareholders' meeting last week . . ."

"And Manfred von Dennewitz was elected chairman of the board of directors?"

"Score another bull's-eye!"

"Any idea who else was put on the board?"

"I had a notion you'd want to know that. I've got a list right here." The other read out the names from his notebook: "Guido Salvini, S. S. Trelawny, Blaine D. Grant, Harold Giffin, Kurt Zimmermann, Nag Yat, Diego Rubio, A. Lincoln Stenneck, Hayashi Okama, Wainwright Jones . . ." He paused. "Foreigners—half o' them."

"And the other half native-born Americans, prominent citizens, Social Register, first-class ratings in Dun and Bradstreet . . ." Simpson shrugged his shoulders. "The cream of the cream. And that—oh—" he banged the table with his fist; he cursed violently, he who seldom used profanity—"that's the stinkingest, lousiest part of it."

He interrupted himself; turned to Li Su-Chang with a lopsided smile. "Sorry, my dear," he said.

Macdonnell studied the list of names. He looked up, frowning.

"What's wrong with them guys?" he demanded. "I mean—the American guys?"

The other did not reply. He sat there, silent and brooding. A rush of something akin to horror gripped him almost bodily.

☆ HE thought of America—the America he loved and served; loved with such fervent passion and served with the driving energy of a great business executive, the ruthlessness of a seventeenth-century buccaneer, and the subtle and mysterious idealism of a poet.

He thought of America's enemies, her—yes!—*American* enemies; told himself that they were more dangerous to the republic than alien foes, be they Fascist or Communist. For they did not even realize that they were enemies; were so terribly sincere in what they believed and advocated.

In his mind he divided them into three classes.

They were those elderly, spiritually decayed people—the sort who lived on their tiny incomes or pensions at places like Mike Hannigan's Bowery hotel—who had neither past to look back to nor future to look forward to; stagnant, musty people who had nothing left except their puny greed and petty jealousy; sad, pathetic people who saw a brand-new messiah in whatever politician or priest or traveling evangelist made the most extravagant promises or launched the most vituperative and fantastic accusations.

Then there were those who had saved or, more often, inherited a decent competence, expressed by gilt-edged stocks and bonds, a town house, a couple of automobiles, membership in a respectable country club, New England in summer, Florida or California for a few winter weeks, an occasional West Indian cruise; to whom modest wealth had brought snug, warm comfort and a little luxury; comfort and luxury had brought longing for security; longing for security had brought the fear—in some cases pathological fear, almost an obsession—of losing it; and fear had brought the willingness to submit supinely to anybody, individual or organized group, ready to guarantee this same security by usurping the reins of authority.

There was, finally, the third class of people—and, to Harland Simpson, they represented the most sinister threat and menace.

This class consisted of no more than a handful of men. Multimillionaires who judged solely in terms of chiseling in on gigantic enterprise and huge accumulations of capital and capital-riveted power; whose individualism was not the brave rugged individualism of the old-time American pioneer, but the brutish, anarchic European individualism of the medieval robber baron; who would turn public utility into private disutility; to whom every new and liberal thought was anathema, and every strike, for whatever cause, a Bolshevist plot. Men to whom the Constitution of the United States was synonymous with the bylaws of dictatorship. Clever men. Touched by genius. Yet so unbending and stubborn and stiff-necked that, in the end, their cleverness was bound to defeat itself.

Men who saw a dictator not as a ruthless egomaniac tyrant, but as a deliverer from the clamorous demands of the working classes whom, deep in their hearts, they hated—since they feared them. Men of the stamp of the great industrialists in Germany—and also in France and Great Britain and Belgium—who had backed Hitler financially, thus giving him the very instrument with which to destroy them.

☆ SUCH men, thought Simpson, as the new board members of the Meteor Supreme Corporation.

He knew a great deal about them. He was familiar with their political and economic viewpoints, which were frankly on record; had even made a point of investigating one or two of them pretty thoroughly in the course of the past year; had discovered much in their favor—chiefly their commercial honesty and their splendid charitable bequests to museums, hospitals, universities; had found out nothing against them except the fact of their amazing shortsightedness and ignorance—shortsightedness and ignorance regarding the larger American issues.

Indeed they had nothing to do in

(*Continued on page 61*)

WHY PEOPLE THINK Grammar is Damfoolishness

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY DR. CHARLES EARLE FUNK

Noted lexicographer and editor of the New Standard Dictionaries

☆ THE greater part of this world's troubles are due to questions of grammar.—MONTAIGNE.

TEACHER: Johnny, what is a noun?

JOHNNY: A noun is a word that—

TEACHER: Johnny, how often must I tell you that a noun is the *name* of a person, place, or thing?

Johnny doesn't say, but probably thinks: Well, why in heck don't you call it a *name* and be done with it?

Poor Johnny! Little does he realize what the future holds in store for him. Here is a passage from one of the most recent textbooks on grammar: "A noun or a pronoun following a copula is variously called *predicate nominative* or *attribute complement* or *subjective complement* or *predicate noun* or *predicate pronoun.* An adjective used after a copula to describe or explain a subject is called a *predicate adjective* or *predicative adjective.* These constructions have still other names. . ."

Now, mind you, I take no exception to the statements in this textbook—its author is a good friend, I admire him greatly and could heartily recommend his book to the orthodox. It is the confounding system of terms for things that he is obliged to follow that leads me to protest. Mothers, do you begin to see why Johnny and Susie have had such difficulty with their English lessons?

Older textbooks have identical types of mental hazards; as this, in one published twenty-five years ago: "Some intransitive verbs take as an object a noun whose meaning is similar to that of the verb; this is called the Cognate Object." True, any teacher of English grammar should be able to understand each and every passage of this kind. But who else does?

I'll admit that the examples I have shown are "from the back of the book," but I am quite willing to turn to the front of the book. Try these tests on your friends: "Conjugate the verb 'love' in the pluperfect tense, potential mode"; "Give an example of an objective reflexive pronoun in apposition with a nominative noun." Take the terms for the eight parts of speech—noun, pronoun, adjective, verb, adverb, preposition, conjunction, interjection—every one a Latin word, slightly modified, and not a single one that a child has ever before encountered in any form. On page 1 he is told that "nouns" are divided into two classes, common and proper. "Proper," he has long known, means right or good; so what is "proper" about the name "Satan"? Within the next few pages he is told that a noun has four "properties"—gender, person, number, and case. He may know what a "case" of beer is, and that his father has owned some "properties"; but this knowledge helps him not at all in grammar. He has no idea what "gender" may mean—sex, yes; he knows all about that, but not gender. By the time he has reached page 6 and the teacher begins to talk about "masculine gender, nominative case, first person, plural number," she might just as well be talking Chinese.

Isn't it about time that we made grammar intelligible to the person of ordinary intelligence? I am told that it cannot be done; that the teachers themselves would refuse to support a movement aimed to do it. If this is true, then we may confidently predict that the language of today's comic strips, which every school child reads and unconsciously adopts, will be the common language of tomorrow.

What substitute for those highfalutin Latin terms would I propose? Merely, so far as practicable, the translation of them into well known English terms, or the substitution of words conveying the desired meaning. The textbooks themselves provide many of the substitutes. The new book previously cited says, "Gender is that difference or distinction among nouns and pronouns that indicates whether they signify male sex, female sex, either sex, or neither sex." All right, then, why not substitute "sex" for "gender," and say that such nouns are names indicating the male, female, common, and neuter sex, or that they are male names, female names, common names, and neuter names?

If "name" is substituted for "noun," then "subname" might be substituted for "pronoun." In place of "demonstrative, relative, and interrogative pronouns," we could well have "pointing, limiting, and questioning subnames," and, of course, "personal subnames." The word "case" might be dispensed with entirely. As a substitute for "nominative case," we might have "actor"; for "possessive case," "owner"; and for "objective case," "receiver." We might call an adjective a "name-describer" and an adverb a "verb-describer." Then, in place of "positive degree," "comparative degree," and "superlative degree," we might say that "new" is the simple form of one familiar name-describer, "newer" the higher form, and "newest" the highest form. In place of "inflection" I would suggest "change," and in place of "declension" or "conjugation" the same word, "change," could be used.

These are merely suggested simplifications. It is quite probable that a group of educators interested in a solution to the problem could devise better terms. I am convinced that such simplifying could be done, and that it is worth while.

THE END

DR. FUNK PROPOSES—

Instead of	Say
Noun	Name
Gender	Sex
Pronoun	Subname
Demonstrative	Pointing
Adjective	Name-describer
Adverb	Verb-describer

Second Mother

BLACK STAR PHOTO

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BY ROBERT WAKE

Liberty's True Short Short

☆ WHEN my wife died, the most serious problem that faced me was a little son. What does one do with little sons? Of course there are always relations to whom they can be sent, but when a mother has nurtured her child meticulously, it seems wanton to throw all her loving care away by placing the child in an atmosphere to which she, were she alive, would object. Then there are schools, but it seemed to me evil to expose a child who had already been subjected to one shock beyond his understanding to perhaps an equally cruel separation.

Yet the child had to be cared for. A hired nurse is, at best, a makeshift. The depths of her devotion may be elsewhere. I tried several, but the least of their skills was in transmitting to the child the uncompromising love of motherhood.

The child knew all about stepmothers. Some of his school friends had them. And most of the boys spoke disparagingly of their stepmothers. *She* became an unpleasant symbol in the child's mind.

When I did marry again, he was the witness to the marriage, and he begged the young lady, of whom he had become very fond, to wear his mother's ring.

☆ NO matter how well stepmothering begins, difficulties invariably appear. The first attempt at discipline raises in the child's mind the question of authority; but worse than that, the discipline itself seems unjust. It is not what his mother would have done nor the way she would have done it. The battle of a lifetime has to be fought at that moment.

I have asked many stepmothers about it. Three methods seem to present themselves.

The first is to *give in to the child in the hope of winning his love or to keep the peace of the family.* The child soon discovers this formula and will use it to advantage on every occasion. Incidentally, it may turn the child into a tyrant.

The second is to *fight it out then and there.* This works sometimes, but often it leaves a permanent resentment. Should the stepmother make a comparison between the way she wants things done and the way the other mother used to do them, it may leave a permanent scar. In instances of divorced parents, when the child returns to his own mother for a period, these tales will be retold and then there are years of trouble ahead.

The third way is for a stepmother to *refuse to face a situation or simply report to the child's father.* No child wants to be either ignored or "peached" on.

It was fortunate that my second wife knew my boy's mother very well. It was possible to create a continuity. Psychologically, this is frightfully difficult, because it has to be convincing to be effective and children are hard to convince.

At any rate, my wife assumed from the start that it would be better for the child if his mother's memory was everlastingly kept fresh for him. Her picture was placed in most rooms. A beautiful portrait of her hangs over the fireplace. Her belongings were preserved.

When the child grows old enough to understand complex facts, that is, around eleven or twelve, the stepmother ought to adopt him legally, and the child should be taken to the courtroom to witness the adoption. Adoption, it seems to me, becomes increasingly important if there are children born of the second marriage.

Adoption by the stepmother, if fully explained and ceremoniously treated, gives the child a lift. He belongs. He has equality in the family with the new children.

I don't believe that the word stepmother should ever be used. It involves an unnecessary modification. I also think that calling the new mother by her first name is all wrong. I have too often heard children speak of their stepmothers as Jane or Ellen or something. I have on some occasions heard the child refer to his stepmother as "my father's wife," which I think is very, very nasty. A family consists of a father, a mother, and children. The term mother needs no modification.

How, then, do you explain to a child that he has had two mothers? In religious families there is really no problem. "Mother has gone to God, and God has sent a new mother to look after you." And although it offers a few difficulties to explain why God has taken mother away, it can be done with sincerity if one believes in God. For the irreligious, rationalistic individual this problem must be stupendous, and I think that he often solves it by pushing it aside. Of course that does not solve it for the child, who will ask friends and relatives about it and get twisted answers, particularly if some of them dislike the new mother.

We have found in our own complex family that the religious approach aids a child's understanding of many problems, because just as a child uses blocks as symbols—and really understands what the blocks mean and do—so he can utilize the symbols of religion as a bridge between his world of imagination and the world of reality in which he discovers himself. That bridge is essential if the child is not to be confused by reality and his mind and spirit distorted by its apparent ugliness.

It is perhaps for that reason that both our boys could understand why, when a sister came to them, she was given the names of both their mothers. She will ever remind them of the unity that is family life.

THE END

GIVE THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"!

1. Meet up with Benny Bluebird,
He's as busy as can be;
Just a picture of contentment
As he trims the Christmas Tree!

2.
Meet up with Bessie Bluebird,
His ever-loving spouse.
She's hanging wreaths of holly
All around her little house!

3.
What makes them both so chipper?
It isn't hard to guess.
Their marriage is a blend of all
That makes for happiness!

Let's skip from birds to bottles—
With CALVERT it's the same!
A "Happy Blend" of qualities
Has won this whiskey fame!

4.
Yes, CALVERT is a mating of everything that's swell—
No wonder it's the perfect gift to ring the Christmas bell!
Why, man, you'll bring more happiness than all the Bluebirds living
By sending CALVERT to your friends—it's tops in Christmas giving!

Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

THE GIFT WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City

Uncle Sam's Bread Basket Filled to the Brim

LAST summer the railroads were faced with what might easily have been called an impossible task. With a near-record wheat crop ripening in the field, the elevators were still jammed with the biggest carry-over in history. And, as everybody knew, the railroads had their hands full already with a mountainous pile of defense assignments.

But the railroads refused to call it impossible. They laid their plans to do the job.

Before the first wheat was cut, the railroads had started moving old wheat out of grain-belt elevators. Altogether more than 75,000,000 bushels were shifted to more distant points. And while the loaded cars were rolling out, a reserve army of 30,000 cars was being mobilized in the wheat belt, ready to handle the new harvest.

Result? The railroads were able to move every bushel for which storage space could be found! They could have moved more if there had been any place to take it, but with elevators filled to the brim, the wheat still remaining on the farms can be moved only as fast as consumption and export make space available.

This is just one example in many of how the American railroads work together to do a job – in cooperation with shippers, agricultural representatives and government agencies. And it's also a good example of how they get the job done!

SEE AMERICA BY RAILROAD
— SPECIAL RATES FOR GRAND CIRCLE TOURS . . .
Ask your local ticket agent!

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

All-American Amateurs vs. Pros

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Don't mistake this all-star collegian team lined up by Eddie Dooley for Liberty's famous All-Players All-America, annually selected by means of a nation-wide poll. The selections in this article are Mr. Dooley's and no one else's; moreover, he picked his team solely to play his picked pro stars in this mythical game.

Are these the best football teams in the world?—Who would win if they played?

BY EDDIE DOOLEY FOOTBALL EDITOR OF LIBERTY

☆ IMAGINE yourself seated in the vast amphitheater that is Soldier Field at Chicago. You and 80,000 other avid football fans are wrapped in blankets, waiting eagerly for the start of the greatest football game ever played. Suddenly there comes the blare of the loud-speaker:

"The starting line-ups for today's game, ladies and gentlemen: For the world's best professional team of 1941—Ends, Hutson of the Green Bay Packers and Poole of the New York Giants. Tackles, Kolman of the Chicago Bears and Kinard of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Guards, Wiethe of the Detroit Lions and Fortmann of the Bears. Center, Turner of the Bears. Quarterback, Luckman of the Bears. Fullback, Osmanski of the Bears. Halfbacks, Parker of the Brooklyn Dodgers and Filchock of the Washington Redskins."

A tremendous cheer greets the announcement.

"For the world's best team of collegians: Ends, V. Davis of Georgia and Froude of Navy. Tackles, Lillis of Notre Dame and Odson of Minnesota. Guards, Frankowski of Washington and Whyonic of Alabama. Center, Gude of Vanderbilt. Quarterback, Albert of Stanford. Fullback, Filipowicz of Fordham. Halfbacks, Layden of Texas and Smith of Minnesota."

In the few minutes before the kick-off there is a babble of speculation. Each team has its ardent supporters. The pro fans bank heavily on the idea that experience will give the mercenaries the edge; the college team's rooters claim that unbridled eagerness and youthful abandon will pull their team through.

Both sides are right. Experience is a definite asset in football and so are youth and eagerness. One offsets the other, consequently the outcome of this heroic struggle might rest on the breaks of the game.

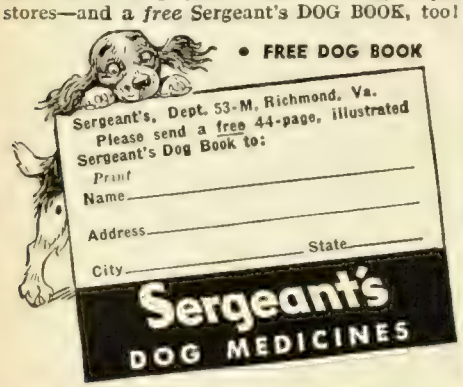
Let us analyze the respective merits of these two mythical teams, the greatest of the year, if not of all time. No team ever assembled can offer more sheer man power and combined experience than the pro outfit named. It was chosen only after a careful study of the men in action and searching talks with coaches.

Several of the National Football League mentors agreed that the best

I WAS AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER! I got worms, from my Mother, before I was born! And the worms nearly got me—till the Master caught on and gave me Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES.

PUPPY CAPSULES LICKED THE WORMS all right—and I pulled through. "Next time," says the Master to my Mother, "We'll worm you *before* the pups come—with SURE SHOT CAPSULES."

DON'T LET WORMS GET A START in *your* pups or grown dogs. Beat them early with SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES. At drug or pet stores—and a *free* Sergeant's DOG BOOK, too!



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5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our **free catalogue.** Thousands of bargains. Address: HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk M-587, GIRARD, KANSAS

way to choose the best professional eleven would be to name the Chicago Bears intact. True, George Halas, coach of the year, and certainly one of the keenest and most ingenious students football ever had, has fashioned a contingent such as most mentors dream about but never hope to see on the field. This, even though they do lose a game once in a blue moon, as when the Green Bay Packers trimmed them on November 2 of this year.

Admittedly the Bears have as much man power as any team well could have. They have a great backfield and a most formidable line. But, even so, they can't equal this All-Star professional team for the simple reason that they have no Parker in their backfield and no Hutson on the wing. They have a great pair of tackles, but they could still use Kinard.

Obviously our imaginary pro team shapes up as the finest it is possible to nominate. On the flanks Hutson, the greatest pass-snaring sensation ever, is teamed up with the 220-pound Hercules Poole, whose six feet two of sinew and muscle have stood the jolting shocks of bruising tackles and charging interferers for five successive years. Little yardage would be picked up around the ends with these stalwarts holding the fort. They turn plays into the tackle with commendable ease, and woe betide the carrier who heads their way without interference. Of the two, Hutson is the better receiver. His pass catching was the talk of Alabama when he inspired the Crimson tide. Poole is the quiet, resourceful flanker, and big Steve Owen, coach of the Giants, never bats an eye when a play is headed Poole's way.

Kolman and Kinard are names to conjure with. Together they represent almost a quarter of a ton that strikes with the agility of a snake and the explosive force of dynamite. They are the work horses who do the job where the going is toughest and in the obscurity of the scrimmage. For four years Kinard, familiarly known as "Bruiser," has been laying them out with his terrific charge.

☆ AT the guards stand, four-square to the world, Wiethe and Fortmann. The former battled his way into pro ranks from Cincinnati. Fortmann made football history at Colgate. Both come out of a line like bats leaving a cave, and they block with a precision that is enviable.

At the pivot position, toughest spot in football, is Bulldog Turner, who gets the call over the brilliant and talented Mel Hein of the Giants by a whisker's margin. Gifted in his ability to diagnose a play, he is death to every offense and a thorn in the side of any carrier headed for the open field. He picks 'em up and slaps 'em down; he sizes up offensive maneuvers in the twinkling of an eye. Steady on his passing, he is distinguished by his ability to get down field fast under kicks, and does a great job of dropping the ball carrier.

Even superlatives miss fire when one talks of Luckman. Eastern fans will remember him as the lad who for three years kept Columbia from being chased out of the park. Lacking adequate support, he was nevertheless an outstanding college player; but he blossomed into full flower when he hit the Bears. Halas calls him the greatest quarterback he has ever seen.

Luckman not only has the comprehension of football strategy to pilot advantageously the great backs he has at his command, but he is so versatile that there is never any telling what he will do. He can whip the pigskin out of the stadium, boot 'em far and accurately, run the broken field or belt a line.

The Bears' backs are fine, but were Luckman given Filchock and Parker along with Osmanski, he would have a scoring force almost impossible to check. Filchock, a product of Indiana, is everything a good halfback should be, and Parker for five years has dominated the pro football field. Almost singlehanded he defeated the New York Giants in midseason and gave the Dodgers new hope. Osmanski, like Luckman, flared even brighter in the pro setting than when he ran riot for Holy Cross. A 200-pounder like Filchock, he can shred a line or navigate the open field with equal ease.

☆ BUT would this eleven score easily, or at all, against the All-Star college team? Let's see.

V. Davis of Georgia and Froude of Navy are the potential equals of the pro wingmen on defense. They can smear plays aimed their way by knifing through the interference and nailing the ball toter. They can slaughter a quick knifelike thrust off the tackle as adeptly as their pro contemporaries. Froude has been a bulwark for Navy all season, and Davis knocked the Columbia and Alabama offenses apart repeatedly. But there the comparison ceases. Neither can equal Hutson or Poole when it comes to shagging the leather in a welter of flailing arms. And while both collegians are sure-fire tacklers, they haven't quite the aim of Hutson and Poole when it comes to dropping an elusive back who is whirling away in the clear.

At the tackles, Lillis and Odson are eye-filling and able. Few ends have been able to check them on defense, and they have made more than their share of stops at the line of scrimmage. Yet neither is quite up to Kolman and Kinard when it comes to the subtleties of the game. The pro tackles have added years of experience under the grueling pressure of high-powered competition. They have more poise than the collegians. They use more strategy. And they have the indescribable savvy that comes with many seasons of play.

As for the guards, I think Frankowski and Whyonic can hold their own with Herculean Fortmann and hard-charging Wiethe. Both collegians have shown all season that they can leave the line like big cats and level men

with their shoulder blocks. And they have revealed rare sturdiness and unusual sense of the line technique. Rival coaches have told me frankly that they have never seen a better pair of guards than these two.

At center, Gude is wonderful, but Turner, the pro, simply has no counterpart. Hein at his best is on a par with him, but this year the great Giant center must step aside for the Bulldog. So must Gude. Turner is in a class by himself.

In the college All-Star backfield, I'll take Smith, Layden, and Filipowicz against the pro backs, but even in this department the pros have a slight but definite edge. At quarter, Albert is the equal of Luckman in generalship, but the latter is his superior in passing. With Luckman throwing the apple to a wingman like Hutson, it would be a bad day for the collegians. Not that Davis and Froude can't snare the leather. But Hutson on the tail end of those gargantuan heaves of Luckman is bad news for any defense.

Layden's broken-field running, Smith's punting, and Filipowicz's power drives and passes would help equalize the battle. Layden, once in the open, would be virtually unstoppable. Smith is hailed by coaches everywhere as one of the finest backs ever to come over the college horizon. His running and kicking kept Minnesota at the head of the pack until the Michigan game, and in that titanic struggle he shot the forty-seven-yard pass which made possible the winning touchdown. Filipowicz, foremost fullback the Bronx team ever had, would be as deadly behind the line as Osmanski. He is, in fact, comparable to Turner, the Bears' center, when it comes to backing up a line. And his passing is almost as good as Luckman's. But the tightness of the pro eleven's defense against aerials would militate against his overhead shots.

☆ ALBERT, a daring and able pilot, won All-America honors last fall, but the ruses he has employed at times to make Stanford the team it is would never work against the pros. Several times this year he has crossed up the opposition by gambling on a run when the situation called for a punt, but the big pro forward wall would smother him were he to pull anything like that against them.

Anything can happen in a football game, and the pros might get licked. But the chances are they'd win. I think Smith, Filipowicz, Albert, and Layden will within a few seasons be as good as any of the pro backs of today. I don't believe, though, there will be a center like Turner or an end like Hutson for a good many seasons. They are in a class by themselves.

THE END

Liberty's All-Players All-America for 1941, chosen as usual through a nation-wide poll of player judges conducted by Norman L. Sper, will be made known to the football public in an early issue.

"Tell me, Dr. Jekyll, what happened to Mr. Hyde?"

"Who, me? . . . Hyde?"

"Uh! Huh! You know what I mean. I can remember when you, my handsome hero, didn't have a pleasant word for anyone. You were thin as a rail and jumpy as a cat. You even used to . . ."

"Used to *what*, Nan?"

"*Mope at people*, like this!"

"Hey! Stop it! I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency. Ain't that something? It means a shortage of the vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S, took two cakes a day in cool tomato juice, and in a few weeks . . "

"In a few weeks . . . my good-natured Dr. Jekyll. But, what's this about tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. It's delicious!"

Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and raw liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B_1, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven, they go right into the bread

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast For Natural Vitamin B Complex

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ I KNOW about the technical requirements for officer candidates, but I understand that there is also a "rating scale" which is made out by my C. O. Is that true and can you tell me more about it?

Pvt. G. S., Fort Lewis, Wash.

It is true, and I think the information is of interest to every one, officer candidate or not. The complete "rating scale" contains thirty-nine points and the C. O.'s answers to them constitute his impressions of a man's potentialities as an officer. I can't list them all, but here are some of the more important. (If you had to answer an honest "yes" or "no" about yourself, how would you rate?)

He has a sense of humor.

He accepts full responsibility for his own work.

He uses calm judgment in the performance of his duties.

He grasps the essentials of a situation quickly.

He has the confidence and respect of his associates.

He subordinates personal interests to demands of his assignment.

He is accurate in reporting the facts about a situation.

He takes denials of his requests with good grace.

He is aware of the limits of his authority.

He gives a situation sufficient consideration before taking action.

He accepts orders without quibbling.

He finishes work he begins.

What's happened to that free-postage-for-the-armed-forces possibility mentioned in your column some time ago? Has it died?

Corp. C. H. O., Fort Riley, Kan.

The last I heard, over a dozen bills had been introduced in the House of Representatives to get free mail privileges for the men, and committees in both the House and Senate were studying the question. The Post Office Department, which operates with a deficit anyway, naturally isn't keen about going farther into the red, and would like the Army and Navy Departments to stand the expense, which seems fair enough. I'll bet you didn't know that Section 515 of the Postal Laws and Regulations permits soldiers, sailors, and marines to dispatch mail without stamps and for the single rate of postage to be collected on delivery: "postage due," in other words. But don't try it . . . such mail has to be specially indorsed and signed by the proper commissioned officer and so much red tape would be involved that every one would probably go nuts trying to make the system work. Something simpler has to be devised, and the mills of Congress grind slowly.

Relative to the letter about "sirring" from Private K. E. P., Fort Devens, Massachusetts, and your reply (August 30 Liberty). Several years ago a young recruit asked me if an N. C. O. was entitled to the "sir." My answer was: "Yes, if he is a gentleman, and always if he is older than you, or with many years of service." I have soldiered in the South since 1918, and have always been addressed with my rank and "sir" by the Southern boys. I myself say "sir" even to a private, and why not? Because we are in the Army we have certainly not lost our right to be considered gentlemen, provided, of course, that we behave as such. Further, may I add that my superior officers, particularly the younger, have always used the "sir" to N. C. O.s whose age or service or dignity warranted such address. There is nothing in military law, articles of war, or Army regulations which makes it obligatory, but, on the other hand, there is nothing which prohibits it; so leave it to the individuals.

M. Sgt. F. C. R., Fort Bliss, Tex.

I agree with your "leave it to the individuals." The use of "sir" is more prevalent in the South and if you've always soldiered there you've come to take it as a matter of course, and rightly so. It is not as common in the North, where I've done most of my soldiering, and it would seem a little strange to me to "sir" or to be "sirred." If it's natural, it's right; if it's forced, it's wrong.

I know you have answered several questions about government insurance, but I hope you'll not mind one more. I would like my boy to take some out, but he says the premium is around twelve dollars a month and that's too much on pay of only twenty-one dollars. Will you please print the rates for my benefit and all the other mothers and fathers who would like to know?

Mrs. N. B. G., Burlingame, Calif.

You didn't give me your son's age, so I can't give you the exact figure, but a twenty-one-year-old pays 65 cents per $1,000 per month and a thirty-five-year-old only 76 cents, so you should be able to get a close idea of your son's premium. Since $10,000 is the limit, he couldn't possibly pay as much as twelve dollars.

Since a "shooting war" seems to be moving closer home, I am curious to know exactly what will be the status of my officially recognized dependent if and when a state of war is declared. Will I continue to draw allowances for commutations and rations? Will I be able to make a pay allotment direct to her? How will my government insurance be affected?

S/Sgt. H. N., Bowman Field, Ky.

My, but you sound grim! A state of war will not change the status of your dependent or your allowances or her insurance benefits; you will be able to make a direct pay allotment.

Here's hoping that some of the fellows who aren't yet in "This Man's Army" do a little for the old Army morale by sharing the company of their gals. Mine went up, with some 150 others, to Fort San Luis Obispo last Saturday, and I'm certainly proud of her. She said that the girls were treated royally and respectfully by the men. The affair was organized by the Los Angeles U. S. O. and paved the way for many more such shindigs.

L. J. M., Venice, Calif.

Good for you! Unselfish is the word for it. I wonder how many other men would be willing to "lend-lease" their girls on a Saturday night.

"Junior is in the Signal Corps. Say something in code for Mrs. Noonan, dear."

Man deflates brother-in-law

by *Al Piané*

1. Arriving home for family reunion at Thanksgiving, he notes particularly smug look on brother-in-law's face.

2. Brother-in-law immediately launches into bragfest on how he and family made trip home by *Pullman*.

3. Expounds at length on delicious steak dinner which he, wife, and Junior had immediately on boarding train.

4. Tells next how they left Junior tucked in bed and in care of porter as they went back for evening in club car.

5. Paints glowing picture of refreshments in club car, and general refined air of all people there.

6. Gets practically poetical telling how wonderful a sleep he had, claiming Pullman beds are best beds in entire world.

7. Winds up oration by explaining how rail and Pullman fare is less than 4c a mile—whereas it costs 5c a mile to run your own car.

8. After hearing out b-in-law to end, our hero says quietly, "I know; I came Pullman myself like I always do. Nice, isn't it?"

⟶ *For Comfort—For Safety—For Dependability-Go Pullman*

You get there refreshed, readier for a good time. Try it for your next trip

GREATER BREATHING COMFORT

No Matter Where You Are!

When dust, bad air or a cold stuffs up your nose, take a few whiffs of the new VICKS INHALER. It's packed with effective medication that makes your nose feel clearer in seconds! You can use it as often as needed.

VICKS INHALER

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness and tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief and invites restful sleep.

VICKS VAPORUB

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38-52 Yrs. Old Suffer Distress At This Time—

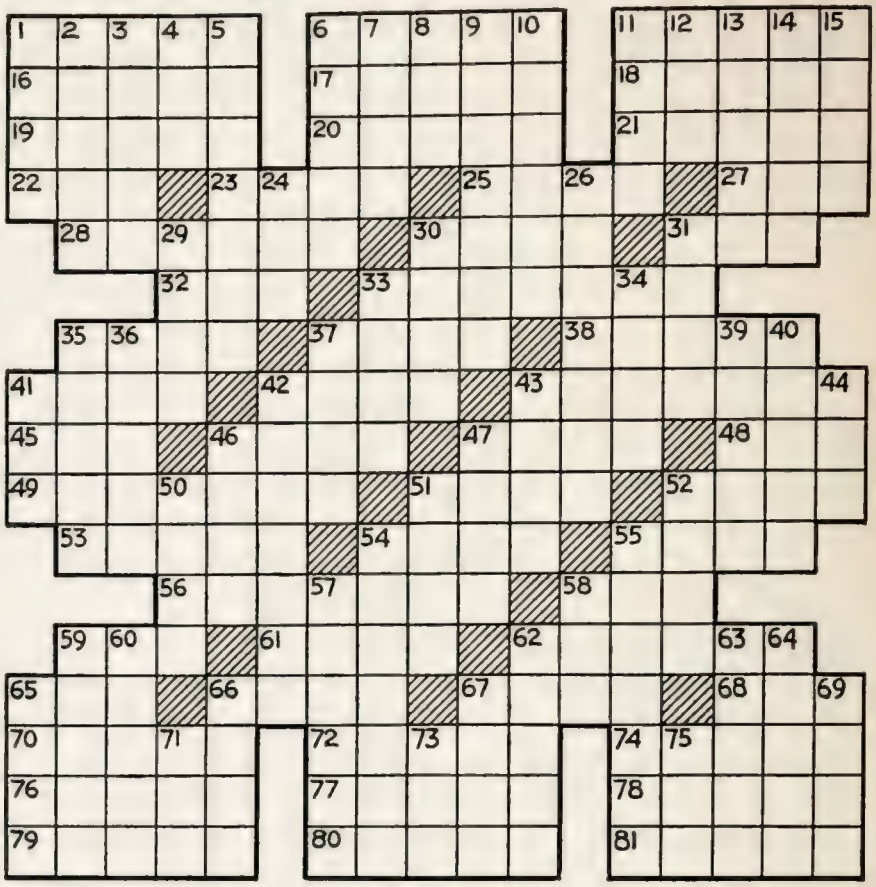
If this period in a woman's life causes you to get cranky, nervous, blue at times, suffer weakness, dizziness, hot flashes, distress of "irregularities"—

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made especially for women—it helps relieve distress due to this functional disturbance. Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms of "middle age." Follow label directions.

See the WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



HORIZONTAL

1 Bird
6 New star (pl.)
11 Small shallow vessel
16 Fruit
17 Cognizant of
18 One of an engine-room staff
19 Massachusetts town
20 Measuring instrument
21 Mexican laborer (pl.)
22 Consumed
23 Gazes fixedly
25 Part of a church
27 Negative
28 Expunged
30 Indian tribe
31 Number
32 Piece
33 Spanish coin (pl.)
35 Mimics
37 Animal
38 Saw
41 Old
42 Coarse hair
43 Poison
45 Sorrowful
46 Bird
47 Affectedly nice
48 Ban
49 Natural height
51 Hurt
52 Festival
53 Oily resin
54 Minstrel
55 Flower
56 To hide
58 By
59 Cap
61 Conveyance
62 Swift horse (pl.)
65 Pronoun
66 Run
67 Head
68 Priestly vestment
70 Positive pole (elec.)
72 Bird
74 Shut out
76 Mislays
77 Elevate
78 Make happy
79 River in England
80 Endured
81 Out of fashion

Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Genus consisting of the roses
2 Winged
3 Baser
4 Evening (poet.)
5 Retributive justice
6 Called
7 Is indebted to
8 Container
9 Full of sand
10 Mexican shawl
11 Church dignitary
12 Falsehood
13 Without companions
14 Dowel
15 Former
24 Still
26 Natural constituent of food
29 Retired
30 At this place
31 Overlord
33 Sheet of glass
34 Male progenitor
35 Marble
36 Pertaining to a foot
37 Possess
39 Jeers
40 Growing out
41 Beast of burden
42 Style of architecture
43 Dry
44 Before
46 Inarticulate
47 Giraffe
50 Pair of horses
51 Breathe rapidly
52 Golfing expression
54 California trout
55 Fell back
57 Frolics
58 Apt
59 Manner of continuity
60 Got up
62 Scolded
63 Clerical collar
64 List of candidates
65 Stop
66 For fear that
67 Mexican dollar
69 Brought up
71 Lair
73 River (Sp.)
75 Note in Guido's scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

inter-war monopoly, by dividing the nations into the "haves" and the "have-nots," contributed also to the causes of the present conflict.

To quote the Psalmist: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." The world's essential metals, oils, and granaries were not equitably distributed geographically. One of our responsibilities, which the President of the United States and Prime Minister Winston Churchill have recognized and publicly accepted, will be to provide open access to the vital raw materials for all nations.

That entails, for us in particular, another departure from "traditionalism" and "historical" strait jackets. We cannot set up prohibitive tariffs and trade barriers for ourself and then criticize other nations for being hoggish or predatory. The earth's riches must be made available to all who would use them, and to make that use of universal benefit for the advancement of mankind and the preservation of peace, the means and instruments of commerce must be guarded.

Can we abandon our duty to the realization of the world's welfare? We can indeed if we listen to the false prophets who maintain that the earth is divided into two parts, the United States and all the rest. We deplore Nazism, and our efforts are pledged to its eradication. But if we say, after the next peace conference as we did after the last, that our duty is done and all can shift for themselves, then the United States by example and effort will be promoting the selfish, suspicious nationalism that can have but one result—a repetition of all the horror and expense in blood, labor, and money of this grim period.

And if the world should succeed without us in creating an international community, efficiently organized and effectively policed, will not the United States then be regarded as the discordant element and find all in league against us? It is not improbable; it would not be undeserved.

☆ I AM not speaking of moral duty alone. To my mind, the course I have charted here is eminently hardheaded business—a money-making scheme, if you will. We prosper as other nations do, and suffer from wars and depressions with them. As the world shrinks we realize more and more that what is true of a village is true of the entire globe.

And now, without abandoning the comparison, let me get back to my original theme, the preservation and perpetuation of the splendid navy we have built up in the last few years at such cost. The village to which I likened the nation does not organize police and fire departments after a wave of incendiarism has brought it suffering and bankruptcy. That has been our national policy in all the years past; but isn't it time we woke up to the realities and bade the impractical visionaries of pacifism and isolationism go to kindergarten?

We have always depended upon other maritime powers for our national security. In the War for Independence, begun without any navy, it was the French fleet that helped bring our struggle to a decisive conclusion at Yorktown. Did that fact impress the Congress of that era? Not at all! Four years after Independence there was no American navy, and when popular demand forced the Congress in 1794 to appropriate money for the construction of six frigates to protect our shipping from privateers and pirates, the funds were authorized with the specific notation that there was no intention to inaugurate a permanent naval establishment.

The navy put the pirates in their place, and so it was allowed to languish despite the wars in Europe that spilled over into Central and South America and made all the seas boil. Our weakness made us contemptible, and when security and honor obliged us again to fight we had to build or buy the navy to do it with. That has been our story for a hundred and fifty years.

☆ OUR bitterest experience, and the one whose memory I expect will cause the American people to demand that the policy of waste and unpreparedness be abandoned, came in the years beginning with 1922, when we deliberately sank the greatest naval fighting force on earth. The maritime nations were summoned to Washington to celebrate the "war to end wars" by hamstringing their fleets and thus transferring all power to the nations of greatest potential military strength. In an unparalleled act of visionary magnanimity, we scrapped our best new and incompleted ships and allowed the rest to deteriorate. On top of that, we allowed our naval shipyards to decay. In 1930, at the London conference, we agreed to chop another big chunk off our right arm of defense.

Under the terms of the treaties, the naval power of the world was divided between ourself, Britain, and Japan in the proportion of 5-5-3. Instead of maintaining that ratio, the United States simply forgot about defense. The army wasted away, the only wings the air forces had were the gold ones embroidered on the pilots' uniforms, and the navy deteriorated like the proverbial horse whose owner tried to accustom it to a diet of sawdust. The British were scarcely more realistic. By 1932 Japan, on the short end of the 5-5-3 ratio, had the most powerful navy of the three!

Congress had authorized twenty-four replacement vessels to be built from time to time as existing ships became obsolete, but actually the greatest naval activity of the era consisted of breaking up destroyers for scrap metal—sister ships of the destroyers now doing tremendous service under our flag and the British flag in the Atlantic and other waters. In the first months of the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt the destructive policy was abruptly reversed *by executive action.* In 1933 the President diverted $250,000,000 of National Industrial Recovery Act funds to begin a new shipbuilding program which netted us thirty-two combat vessels now operating.

With Japan on the rampage and the war drums beating in Germany and Italy, Congress was aroused from its lethargy. In 1934 the Vinson-Trammell Act authorized the building of the navy to treaty tonnage, with a three-year program to construct seventy-two ships. In 1938, on the eve of the second World War, the navy was authorized to exceed treaty tonnage by 20 per cent, and early in 1940 came the 11-per-cent blanket increase after a hard political fight which was assured success only after Allied reverses in Europe began to make the true proportions of the Hitler menace discernible.

This time the Congress did not delay quite so much as has been its tradition. We started our rearmament in advance, not after the shooting began. But at what unnecessary cost of effort, of money to rehabilitate crumbling shipyards, of diverting steel and copper from civilian use to defense construction!

On top of the $7,234,262,178 that the navy plans to spend on the 2,831 ships of all categories that have been ordered since January 1, 1940, it has had to allocate $460,000,000 for the expansion of shipbuilding facilities, public and private.

I am happy to say that every vessel authorized and appropriated for is today *under contract,* and that 968 are actually in process of construction. I have established a forty-eight-hour week and the three-shift twenty-four-hour day in the industry. By the end of this year we will have hung up a twelve-months record of commissioning 213 new ships in the navy. Last year we commissioned forty-seven. That does not include 258 seagoing auxiliaries and approximately 500 small vessels of all classes in the 1941 totals.

☆ IN another year or eighteen months we will again have the most powerful fighting naval force the world has seen, a two-ocean navy with a full complement of airplanes and auxiliaries. It will have cost us more billions of dollars than I can calculate off-hand.

What are we going to do with it, fellow Americans?

Are we going to sink it again after the war? Or are we going to preserve it and maintain it to defend us against future wars?

It is not too early for us to make up our minds. I think I know already what the answer will be. America has grown up.

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

The Old Army Game

Slaphappy comic finds camp graft terrific! Even the bayonets are fixed

BY MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Maxie deep in thought, and Ann Sothern who acted with him in Ringside Maisie.

☆ WELL, folks, I've been in the army—and it's a great life if you don't waken! Ever since I came back from duty, people have been asking me about our national defense. And, believe me, I certainly learned a few things. I learned the reason that army mules are so well taken care of is because they have the biggest pull in the service! I learned the graft was terrific—even the bayonets were fixed! I learned that the camp hostess was a woman of few words but often!

Anyway, I only got into the service because I'd been begging my producers in Hollywood to let me do an army picture. Finally the studio agreed. They farmed me out to a draftee camp to get the feel of the thing. I got firsthand experience, all right. The fighting was so furious in our first battle that I had two machine guns and a nurse shot out of my arms!

The studio even sent a secretary with me to copy down my experiences for local color to be used in the movie. Some secretary! As nutty as a peanut stand. She thought she had an open mind because it was vacant. Anyway, that girl wrote down my experiences in the corps—and then submitted them to the studio—and instead of doing an army picture I find myself doing Harvard, Here I Come! at Columbia. Which makes me think that girl sabotaged me!

It was pretty tough going in the army at times. Especially there was one top sergeant I disliked. I called him Cliff because he was just a big bluff. But I realized he couldn't be a bad egg altogether—he was too fresh for that.

Anyway, my Hollywood secretary took down some of my conversations with the top sergeant, and right here I'm going to reprint one of them, unexpurgated.

SERGEANT: Now, then, Rosenbloom, why did you run away when our mock battle began?

MAXIE: Sorry, sir, but it looked like a shell game to me!

SERGEANT: I'll give you another chance, you palooka. Tell me, why is it important not to lose your head in an attack?

MAXIE: Because that would leave me no place to put my helmet, sir!

SERGEANT: You're punchy! Now here's your last opportunity. What is the difference between a fort and a fortress?

MAXIE: I should think fortresses would be harder to silence, sir! . . .

However, to be honest, the most difficult thing about the army was not the drills but the living conditions. It's true they had stall showers and automatic phonographs and cigars—but what about the cooties? We boys got to call the cooties arithmetic bugs, because they added to our misery, subtracted from our pleasure, divided our attention, and multiplied like hell!

But a bigger problem was the food. One fellow I knew won a medal for saving the lives of the entire regiment—he shot the cook! Anyway, for days I tried to get hold of our new company cook. I wanted to tell him the broiled frogs' legs were never well enough done. Finally my opportunity came. A violent dust storm swirled over the camp. Under this screen, I crawled into the cook's cabin. I saw a tremendous kettle of soup on the stove. The lid had blown off the kettle and dust was blowing into the soup. That got me angry.

MAXIE: Hey, cook, if you'd put the lid back on the kettle we wouldn't get so much dust and dirt in our soup!

COOK: Listen, soldier. Your business is to serve your country—

MAXIE: Sure, cook. My business is to serve my country—but not to eat it!

COOK: Sa-ay, aren't you the one who said you wanted your eggs turned over?

MAXIE: That's right—to the Museum of Natural History!

COOK: Well, tonight, soldier, I have

a real menu arranged for you. You'll get thousands of things to eat.

MAXIE: Yeah? What?

COOK: Beans!

But the biggest day in the army was that day when, after months of intensive drilling, the various squads displayed what they'd learned before various visitors—pretty girls, men, women, attractive girls, women, and girls. Of course, the camp hostesses were inspiring. But my particular hostess was hard. She was so hard that the only thing that could make an impression on her was a diamond. And she was much too modest. Even when she sent a telegram she put "Stop" after every sentence.

A glamorous blonde stood near me watching another company preparing to shoot at a target. Suddenly a blast of rifles went off. The girl shrieked and threw herself into my arms!

GIRL: Oh, pardon me! Really, I'm sorry. I was frightened by the rifles.

MAXIE: Not at all. And now, ma'am, let's go over and watch the heavy artillery!

GIRL: Are you a veteran soldier?

MAXIE: Veteran soldier? Why, lady, I served in the army during the first World War.

GIRL: Oh, how wonderful! Did you get a commission?

MAXIE: No. Just straight salary.

GIRL: Did you have any adventures?

MAXIE: Well— Once I was on sentry duty. The enemy opened up. Big guns. Big shells. Boom-boom. So I formed a line.

GIRL: How can one man possibly form a line?

MAXIE: A beeline, dearie—to the rear!

GIRL: Gosh, how exciting! My heart's beating like a drum!

MAXIE: Ah, the call to arms!

GIRL: Be careful. You can't kiss me here. See that officer—

MAXIE: Are you referring to that homely general in the corner? What a tyrant! Why, he's the meanest guy I ever saw!

GIRL: Well! Do you know who I am? I'm his daughter!

MAXIE: And do you know who I am?

GIRL: No.

MAXIE: Thank heaven!

☆ WELL, shortly after that episode Hollywood traded Jimmy Stewart to the camp for me, Maxie Rosenbloom, and two secondhand scripts—and at last I was back in the majors!

But the experience was worth while. After studying my army notes, as I told you, the studio promptly put me in a picture about Harvard. But it was worth while, I repeat, because it made me realize that the purpose of America's army today, basically, is to permit mugs like me to write jokes like this even about the army!

Only one thing got under my skin. When I got back to Hollywood and Vine, the boys began calling me corpulent. Corpulent, hell!—after six months to become a lieutenant!

THE END

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The House Gues

☆ IN the silent half-closed house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, the Marquise de la Tour Givray was writing a letter to her son Gilles, a prisoner of war. She found it increasingly difficult to write to him, for she did not know what he was thinking, or what he would like her to tell him.

Upstairs in his bedroom, the Marquis de la Tour Givray lay in bed and waited for the Swedish masseur. Sometimes his tired old eyes roamed about the room as though he wondered at finding himself still in it. Lying there, it was difficult to believe that anything had happened. It was true that outside there was no honking of cars or taxis, none of the familiar bustle of the Paris street, but he had always disliked noise and the absence of it was not displeasing.

There were three reasons why the de la Tour Givray family had remained in Paris. The first was that the eighty-year-old head of it had fallen and broken his hip just before the invasion, and for him to have joined those tragic fleeing multitudes upon the roads would have been sheer insanity. The second was that the marquise wouldn't consider going herself. She, too, hated noise and exertion and she said that she preferred to die, if die she must, in her own bed. The third reason was that Julie, their daughter, would not leave her work at the hospital.

Fortunately for Julie, the concierge's daughter had left her bicycle behind when she and her parents had fled to the Midi. Julie now depended on it to take her wherever she wished to go: to and from the hospital near the Parc Monçeau, to church, and to see a few friends; but chiefly to see her best friend, Céleste de Roussy.

To Julie, the war and France's defeat made all things somber. Even her new love for Dr. Carrère at the hospital was a somber love, intense, deep, without gaiety, yet possessing a beauty that, she believed, it could never have possessed in happier times. She had dedicated herself to him, to France, and to her work at the hospital. In her work she could put aside her fears for Gilles, her brother; her overwhelming sorrow for France. She could even at times forget the dark path down which her mother was now turning. Not in despair, but coldly, purposefully, cynically. The marquise called her own attitude "realistic," but Julie, in her own mind, had another name for it.

Whenever she met the Oberlieutenant in the hall or on the stairs, she said "Good morning" or "Good evening" and passed him with lowered head. At first he had scarcely noticed her, for she dressed in black nowadays, used no make-up, and tried to be as invisible as she could. Soon, however, he had discovered the deception she practiced. He realized that she was lovely, and he stared, not quite rudely or insolently, but as a man might stare at a puzzling picture. He had given up trying to talk to her. Only his eyes spoke, and their interest repelled her.

The Oberlieutenant had seen the old marquis only once, and that was on the day he arrived to make a list of the house's occupants and to demand a room for himself. After Louise had thrown open the shutters of the unoccupied bedrooms, he chose one that she reluctantly opened at his request.

"But this is the bedroom of madame's son, M. Gilles," the old woman protested. "He is a prisoner of war."

"No matter. These articles can be moved. I like the view of the garden, and it is quiet here."

When he asked to see the rest of the house, she tried to take him past the marquis's door, but he paused, opened it abruptly, and stepped inside. He saw the invalid stretched out in his bed. The dark tired eyes of the old Frenchman looking out from under their drooping paper-thin lids met the light prominent eyes of the German and held them. Then the marquis, his expression unaltered, slowly inclined his head. So conquered and conqueror met. The Oberlieutenant bowed and went out.

It was only the marquise, therefore, and the two old servants, Louise and Albert, last of a depleted staff, who had talked to the Oberlieutenant. The marquise had been a great beauty, and as no man had ever looked at her without pleasure she could not bear that one should do so now. If the sight of her could have turned the Oberlieutenant to stone she would not have minded, but she would first have taken care that he should see her for what she was, a remarkably handsome woman of sixty.

"We might have done worse," was her comment. "He is stupid, of course, and that I cannot forgive, even in an enemy. He is a machine, but a machine that obeys, and he will behave as he has been instructed to behave."

She had grown used to him now, and sometimes had long talks with him. He had taught German in a boys' school near Melun and spoke excellent French. Although she held him in contempt, she feared and respected the force behind him and meant to make the best terms with it that she could. She was a "realist," and "realists" do not make brave foolish gestures. She wanted to live; her own survival seemed to her of immense importance; her zest for living was quite unimpaired by what had taken place. Since the return of her old friend, Philippe des Pages, life was by no means unendurable. True, Gilles was a prisoner, but perhaps with influence . . . who could tell? Philippe was extremely clever. Mean-

Julie went to him with a smile of welcome. The whole company was suddenly hushed.

"Fools," said Julie, "will make a new France"—She was one of them

BY SUSAN ERTZ

while London was being bombed, Berlin was being bombed, Paris was peaceful.

One morning Julie put her head into her mother's bedroom before leaving for the hospital to say that Céleste de Roussy was coming to tea that afternoon. Her mother received this piece of news without enthusiasm.

"I find her so depressing nowadays," she said, examining her nails. "Besides, I am not at all certain . . . we have to be careful, and that brother of hers, Pierre, they say he is a de Gaullist. Céleste herself may be one for all I know. It is quite possible that she is watched."

"She is my best friend," Julie said, "and she's so brave! She loves to come here because she and Raoul were so often in this house together."

"She makes too much parade of her grief," said the marquise. "It is in bad taste. Also it is not very convenient this afternoon. I am expecting Philippe des Pages. You know he has just lately returned from Lyons."

"I didn't know," said Julie.

She looked away so that her mother might not see the disapproval and disappointment in her eyes. She and Gilles had always disliked Philippe des Pages. He was an old friend of the family and she tried hard to believe that he had never been anything else. True, her father had always accepted him as one of themselves, but all his life her father had lived on the surface of things, skimming dark waters like a dragonfly. Now he was too old to concern himself with anything but his own health and comfort.

"I suppose you have heard things about Philippe," her mother went on. "Nowadays no one's reputation is safe. In any case, it is certain that he had no choice."

"Then it is true that his factories . . ."

Her mother interrupted her:

"It's said, of course, that they are now making silk for parachutes. I thought it best not to ask. Life must go on. I am sure he acted for the best."

Julie gave a little involuntary shudder.

"I'd tell Céleste not to come," she said, "but I can't get in touch with her. This is the day she goes to the *crèche*, and I don't know the address."

"No matter," said the marquise. "Let her come if she pleases. If she talks foolishly, that is her own affair."

Julie came farther into the room, closing the door behind her.

"Mother," she said, "I wish you wouldn't see Philippe any more. I don't think he's a man to be trusted now."

"That's absurd," answered the marquise sharply. "To see my friends is the one pleasure left to me. You must allow me to do as I think best." She drew her silk bed jacket about her shoulders. "You are speaking of things you know nothing about."

Julie went out of the room and along the hall. As she passed the open door of the Oberlieutenant's bedroom she saw that he had already gone out and that Louise and Albert had made the bed and tidied the room. They had taken the waste-paper basket downstairs to empty it and some pieces of torn paper had fallen on the landing. She stooped and picked them up. One had part of a sentence typed on it. She saw the words, "*Die verschlechterung.*" She knew enough German to know that it meant "deterioration."

The long word with its twelve consonants and four vowels fascinated her and she repeated it to herself. As she did so, it seemed to her that she could hear once more the tones of a hated voice shrilling hysterically over the radio before the outbreak of war. "Beating the tom-toms," Gilles had called it. It brought back the old dread and horror, the feeling that all that was most evil was upon them. And now this word, with its implications, brought a new dread, a new horror, and one that struck from within. She tore the scraps of paper into tiny pieces and threw them into the fireplace.

A moment later she was bicycling toward the hospital. A few blocks away was a small newspaper and tobacco shop, and as she reached it the Oberlieutenant came out with some papers under his arm. He saw her and stared, as he always stared, and his stare became more intense as she slowed down, got off her bicycle and wheeled it to the curb beside him.

"Herr Lieutenant," she said a little breathlessly, aware of the amazement in his face—"Herr Lieutenant, I would like a word with you, if you please."

He stood stock-still, his cold empty eyes unwinking.

"Yes, mademoiselle?"

"I've been wondering . . . it struck me that you probably don't know many French people and that perhaps you would like to meet some. Tell me if I am mistaken."

She met the incredulity in his gaze with composure.

"Naturally, that is so. I do not meet many French people. You wish that I should? May I ask why?"

Under his brusque, even hectoring manner she saw that he was gratified, flattered.

She hesitated before answering.

"Well, I suppose you must be lonely, so far from your own people. I . . . my mother is asking one or two friends in to tea this afternoon about five. Perhaps you would like to come and meet them. I will try to get back

from the hospital in good time. But please don't trouble to come if it's inconvenient," she added. And she put her foot on the pedal of her bicycle.

"But I would like to come," he said quickly. "I am very pleased to accept."

She forced a smile of pleasure.

"Good. And you need not say to my mother that I invited you. After all, you are a guest in our house and should have a guest's privileges. So just present yourself and she will welcome you, I am sure." She added, lowering her voice, "This will be a little secret between us, that I asked you today."

"That is as you please. You are very kind. For so long you have not spoken, I am puzzled."

"Sometimes one changes one's mind, that is all," she said and, mounting her bicycle again, she rode quickly away, conscious of his stare between her shoulder blades.

At the hospital she and Dr. Paul Carrère had little opportunity to speak to each other. Their love affair had progressed, more often than not, by means of brief meetings snatched at odd moments, by looks, and by a deep sense of mutual trust and understanding. They had been drawn together from the first so surely and powerfully that words seemed unnecessary. While her father's recovery was in doubt, she felt she ought not to leave home, but now that he was so much better, she knew that the time had come. Her mother had ridiculed the idea of a member of the de la Tour Givray family marrying a poor man and a doctor.

"Don't ask for my approval," the marquise had said. "I think you are mad, but I won't withhold my consent. Society at present does not exist. Some day it will again, and then you will find yourself shut out. However, as we are not Catholics, there is always divorce. And don't ask me to meet him, if you please. This is entirely your own affair and I will have nothing whatever to do with it."

Julie never referred to the subject again, nor did her mother.

☆ WHEN Céleste de Roussy arrived at half past four she found the marquise already behind the tea table. She kissed the older woman and asked after the marquis's health.

"He grows stronger every day."

"And your guest? Is he still with you?" asked Céleste.

"I see no prospect of his leaving us," the marquise replied. "After all, he is not bad."

"Luckily for you he is at least out all day," said Céleste. "The two German officers who are in my cousin Lucille's house use her library as their office, so they are always there. It would drive me mad, I think."

She had been a very pretty woman but now was alarmingly thin, with great dark circles under her eyes and a habit of beating a nervous tattoo on the arm of her chair or on her knee.

"And yet," said the marquise, "one cannot say that they are not correct in their behavior."

"They are correct," said Céleste, "as executioners are correct. When I think that Raoul died for this!"

"He died for France," said the marquise coldly, "as many another man has done."

"Yes," said Céleste with bitter meaning, "he died for France, and France has died for Germany."

"We must submit to the inevitable, Céleste," said the marquise, "and do the best we can. What cannot be cured must be endured."

Céleste threw up her head sharply. "I will never submit. Never, never!"

They heard the opening and closing of the great front door and footsteps crossing the tiled hall.

"I suspect that is Philippe des Pages," said the marquise, touching her beautifully arranged gray hair. "He is just back from Lyons, you know."

"Philippe? I didn't know. But then I see few people and hear nothing."

☆ A TALL man with stooping shoulders, thin fair hair that was turning white, and a still fair mustache came into the room. The mustache partially hid a weak mouth, and his face was crisscrossed by fine lines that scarcely showed at a distance. He was nearing sixty, but had an air of self-indulgence and false youth. He kissed the marquise' hand with exaggerated homage, and then Céleste's.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Céleste. I didn't even know you were in Paris."

"Oh, yes. Paris is my home, after all. I have no other." She added, with weary irony, "And you? How do you do in this prison house we all share?"

He frowned and made an impatient gesture.

"Oh, come, come! It is not so bad. Today, except for the quiet streets and closed shops, it seemed almost like our old Paris, I thought. I felt quite cheerful, quite optimistic. Perhaps it was partly the beautiful weather."

"It must have been that," Céleste said. "I can think of no other reason for feeling cheerful."

"Time heals all things," said the marquise, and there was a harsh note in her voice. "Even your grief will heal, my dear." She turned to des Pages, shutting out the other woman. "The de Savarins were here the other day, Philippe. They are most eager to see you. They run their auto now on acetylene gas, and they say it is an excellent substitute for gasoline."

"I'm having mine adjusted too," des Pages said. "It is the only way now, to get about. It shall be at your disposal, Hélène."

The marquise gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Philippe! To go about once more—it would be too much happiness! When will it be ready?"

"Early next week. I'll call for you, and we'll go for a drive."

"How can you bear to drive through Paris now?" said Céleste. "Paris today is like a ruined betrayed old woman, slowly dying before our eyes. It is a sight that I do not even wish to see."

"You are mistaken," said des Pages. "Paris will not die. Paris will arise purified and strengthened. She will have learned new and better ways."

Céleste, who was rarely at a loss for a reply, was about to answer him when she saw the marquise turn her head quickly toward the door.

"But who . . ." began the marquise. "I expected no more visitors. . . ."

When she saw the Oberlieutenant she half got out of her chair, then almost immediately she recovered her poise. He gave a little bow.

"You permit, ladies?"

"But certainly," said the marquise. "Come in, Herr Lieutenant, and join us." He bent over her hand, and she then introduced him to Céleste and to des Pages. Céleste's face only barely concealed her feelings. The Oberlieutenant took a chair close to the tea table and seemed pleased at finding himself in such agreeable company.

Why had he come? the marquise wondered, as she poured out his tea. It was the first time he had done such a thing. How dared he come? Céleste asked herself angrily. What effrontery! Were they to be allowed no privacy at all?

"Already," he said, balancing his cup and saucer precariously while he took a piece of cake, "already summer is half over. Time passes quickly. But still the birds in the Bois are singing beautifully. It makes me think of the way they sing in the Black Forest."

"Yes," said Céleste, "even this year the birds sing. They have no hearts."

☆ HE turned heavily in her direction, moving his whole body. "I see you do not understand birds as well as I do. In the Black Forest I used to catch songbirds and put them into cages for my mother. They became her pets and grew fond of her."

"Indeed?" said Céleste. "And did you first put out their eyes? That, I understand, makes them sing even better."

"Mme. de Roussy is joking, of course," said des Pages quickly, throwing Céleste a warning glance. "No one does that. It is a myth."

The marquise was irritated. It was so like Céleste, she thought, to permit herself these little gibes. Well, in other people's houses she had better refrain, and she meant to tell her so. It was lucky for her that the Oberlieutenant had come, as his presence prevented worse indiscretions. It was plain that Philippe had strongly disapproved of her whole attitude.

"Where is your daughter?" the Oberlieutenant asked. "Still at her hospital?"

"I'm afraid so," the marquise answered. "Sometimes they keep her there very late." Inwardly she prayed that this might be one of those occasions. It was a relief when Céleste went, as she did very soon, but the Oberlieutenant, with frequent glances toward the door, sat there till after six, when he excused himself and went to his room, saying he had work to do.

"Not at all a bad fellow," said des Pages. "One must get on with them as best one can. You were quite right to invite him to tea."

"But I didn't," said the marquise. "He came uninvited. It's the first time he has done such a thing." She looked puzzled, and des Pages asked:

"Did he know I was coming?"

"How could he? We scarcely see him, and he knows nothing of our private affairs. As for Julie, she refuses to speak to him."

"She is very foolish," des Pages said. "Such behavior only makes it harder for all of us. We have the Germans to thank for the fact that France is not plunged in civil war."

"You really think so, Philippe?"

"Certainly. France badly needed the discipline and organizing genius of the German race. Women like Céleste should be made to see it, or else told that they are not wanted here."

"She has neither good sense nor good taste," the marquise said, giving way to her irritation. "For some time I have suspected her of being a de Gaullist."

"It is just that sort of thing that we must find out," des Pages said. He looked thoughtful. "How many of our friends are in Paris? You should know."

"I have seen a good many," the marquise told him, "but of course it is difficult to keep in touch when one cannot get about."

"It might be a good plan," he said, "to send out cards for a soirée. Ask every one you know. It would be an event. They will all want to come, and, unless the war has changed them more than I think, they will never stop chattering."

The marquise looked at him with sudden understanding.

"You would be doing us a service," he went on. "We must know who our friends are, and where we stand. Without unity the situation is hopeless."

"But," she said, "I would have to get the permission of the . . . authorities. Entertainments are not encouraged."

"I have no doubt I could arrange that for you," he said.

She touched his hand gratefully.

"You are so clever, Philippe. Tell me—I am sure you would know . . . is there anything that could be done about releasing Gilles? If only he could come home!"

☆ THEY sat on the sofa, talking. When she spoke of her son, something real came into the marquise's face and voice. That splendid son of hers, her youngest, born when she had despaired of having a son. . . . What wouldn't she do to get him back!

Julie returned late. She and her mother sat down to a dinner of onion soup, herrings, and compote of apples. When Julie was about to go up to read to her father, the marquise remembered that she would be certain to hear of the Oberlieutenant's visit from Céleste. She preferred that she should hear of it first from herself and know

Something like a star...

OLD AS MAN is the admonition, "Hitch your wagon to a star"; young as a child is the impulse "To wish upon a star." For all men, in all time, a star has been the bright kindling point for dreams, fixed moment in time and eternity, beacon in the night and promise of the day to come.

Something like a star is research, because it answers in the world of practical affairs to some eternal spirit in the heart of man—a perpetual restlessness with things as they are, an eternal seeking for a better way, a continual progress towards a better world. And because this thing lives more in the mind and the spirit than in the world itself, it is perpetual, everlasting, immutable, as eternal in its way as the stars themselves.

More than 60 years ago the General Electric Company first "hitched its wagon" to the bright star of research. In all this time the star has not been extinguished, instead it has gradually grown to be the guiding star of all American industry. Even today, when so large a part of the total resources of General Electric are employed in the task of making America's defenses strong, it still shines bright.

But General Electric is not "wishing upon a star." Throughout the Company, scientists, engineers, executives, are thinking and planning and working to the end that the tomorrow which stars promise shall not simply come—but that it shall be better than today.

American industry has accepted the responsibility of serving America: is accepting the responsibility of helping to defend America: will accept, tomorrow, the responsibility of helping to build a better America and a better world.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

that he had come entirely uninvited.

As she listened, Julie looked down at her hands. "One would hardly expect him to do such a thing without being asked," she said at last.

"Oh, well," said the marquise, "He might be worse. It is a great pity you still refuse to speak to him. Couldn't you try to treat him with more civility? It would be better for all of us."

"Very well, mother," Julie said. "I'll do my best." And she ran upstairs, miserable because of the deceptions and crosscurrents of which that house was now full and to which she was forced to contribute. "But it won't be for long," she said to herself.

☆ A FEW days later her mother called her into her bedroom. "Julie," she said, "I have decided to give a soirée next Thursday. Your father is coming downstairs, and it will be a little celebration for him. Also it will enable us to see all our friends. Philippe will attend to getting the permission of the authorities."

"I see," said Julie. Then she asked, "Was it your idea, mother, or his?"

The marquise frowned. "What does it matter? We both agreed it would be a pleasant change."

"It seems so utterly frivolous," objected Julie.

"Oh, my dear, we are not dead yet. You would have us forever moaning and wringing our hands."

Julie turned away and said no more. She hated the idea and couldn't put it out of her mind. When she heard that Céleste was coming and others of her best friends, her heart sank. Pride, family loyalty forbade that she take the obvious course and warn them. It was possible that her mother was not even aware that des Pages was making use of her. So she tried, at least, to persuade herself. When her mother told her that she wanted her help, she promised she would be there.

"I know you disapprove," said the marquise. "You have always disapproved of me. But you are my daughter and people will expect to see you."

The guests began arriving at nine, some on foot, some in horse-drawn vehicles, some in gas-driven cars. They flooded the great drawing room, opened for the first time in many months, and were heartened by the sight of tapestries and pictures which for so long had been under dust covers.

They gathered about the chair where the old marquis sat, his crutches beside him, and offered him their congratulations. He was a symbol, many felt, of the old France that had survived disasters before and would survive them again. One woman laughingly touched him for luck. "Three wars with Germany in your lifetime," she said, "and here you still are! You are a good omen." But Julie could feel only pity. "The will to live," she said to herself. "It is good, but it is not enough."

Des Pages came early and played the part of host, as the old marquis could not leave his chair. Louise had provided, out of commonplace materials, an appetizing supper, but instead of champagne only beer was served. Julie was surprised at the number of old friends her mother had been able to bring together. She saw people she had not seen since before the war, and was touched by the changes in them.

"My dear Julie," one elderly woman said to her, "you are prettier than ever, in spite of your hard work. What it is to be young! For us, everything is finished."

"I hear you have become a nurse," said another. "How splendid! And once upon a time we used to think you cared only for tennis! France should have trusted the young more and the old less."

Julie hoped that the chatter round about made this remark inaudible to other ears. She winced, too, when an old friend of her father said, looking at the buffet table with greedy eyes, "How did your mother manage it? I have had nothing without a coupon for months, and very little then. They will not be satisfied, I suppose, till they have starved us all."

People were already beginning to say what they felt and thought, throwing aside restraint in this familiar atmosphere of friendliness and hospitality. Julie kept looking toward the door with a growing anxiety. Why was he so late? Luckily Céleste and some of her other friends were also late. She prayed that he might come soon, and when there was a sudden lull in the talk, her heart gave a glad leap.

In full uniform, he stood hesitating in the doorway, his eyes searching the room. Her mother had not seen him yet, so Julie went to him with a smile of welcome.

☆ "COME in, Herr Lieutenant. I have been expecting you." The effect of his presence, she noticed, was extraordinary. The whole company was suddenly hushed. There was a stiffening of attitudes; it was as if a freezing wind had blown upon them all. Many looked at her in surprise as she greeted him, some with disapproval. She disregarded them utterly.

"Follow me, Herr Lieutenant, and I will introduce you to our friends. Mme. de Launay, permit me to introduce our house guest, Herr Oberlieutenant Gerhardt von Seldte. He has been with us for many months now. . . . And this, Herr Lieutenant, is an old friend of my father, M. Colbert. M. Colbert is a banker. . . . Mlle. Chauvins, allow me to introduce our house guest, Herr Oberlieutenant Gerhardt von Seldte. He has been with us so long we can hardly remember when he was not here. Mlle. Chauvins knows Germany well, Herr Lieutenant. For many years she studied music in Munich. You should have much to talk about."

She went the rounds of the great drawing room, introducing him everywhere. At last the marquise, who had been cooling her indignation in the library with des Pages and a few others, came and joined them.

"We are flattered, Herr Lieutenant," she said, "that you have come to our simple little soirée. It is so difficult nowadays for friend to meet friend that I decided to ask them all here together. I apologize for not having sent you a formal invitation, but I hardly thought it would amuse you. I see my daughter has you in her care. That is excellent."

But once, while the Oberlieutenant was talking to some one else, she drew Julie aside and said in an angry whisper, "Why have you suddenly become so friendly? What does it mean?"

"I promised you I would do my best, mother."

"You are overdoing it. I never dreamed he would obtrude himself in this way. Philippe is furious. It has spoiled everything."

"But why? I thought he wished us to be on good terms with *them*."

The marquise turned impatiently away. Really, Julie was infuriating.

Julie saw to it that she was never alone with the Oberlieutenant. His manner had changed. He was now triumphant, almost possessive. His light prominent eyes looked at her with a new expression. Once he took her arm, and she stiffened at his touch but bore it until she could draw away from him to go to speak to some one. A moment later she turned and saw Céleste watching her. The look in her friend's face was one that she had already seen in a good many faces. It was a look of amazement, of incredulity. Céleste's look said, "Why is this man here? Why are you treating him like a friend and an honored guest? Why have we been asked?"

As their eyes met, Céleste turned quickly away, as if she could not then trust herself to speak. Very well, thought Julie. Believe what you please now. It can wait. She turned back to her charge.

"I find soirées thirsty work, Herr Lieutenant. Will you give me some beer? And please have some yourself. I hope you have not been bored."

"That is not the word I would choose," he said, standing very close to her. "You are beautiful. I admire you. I see you wish to be kind. I understand and I am pleased. It is precisely what I most wish. Therefore the evening has been satisfactory. We will drink to our new friendship."

There was a look in his eyes that was unendurable. . . .

☆ BY midnight they had all gone, many lingering on from a sense of loyalty to their hostess but uncomfortable and distrait. On the way home their tongues were busy with it. What had come over Julie? It was plain that her mother was far from pleased. One would hardly have expected such behavior from a member of that family. And Gilles, the only son, still a prisoner of war! Really, it was disgraceful. It had spoiled the evening and put a constraint upon them all.

When the last of them, des Pages included, had departed, and the tired old marquis had been helped up to bed by Albert, the marquise turned on Julie her long-suppressed anger.

"Philippe and I can only suppose

that you behaved as you did because you disapproved of the soirée and wanted to make it a failure. Well, you perfectly succeeded. It was an absolute failure. And until our house guest forced himself in, nothing could have been gayer or pleasanter. If you had not shown him so much attention and introduced him to every one, he would soon have gone away again. What people must have thought I simply cannot imagine."

"I can," said Julie, "only too well." She felt strangely light and happy, as though she had rid herself of a great burden. This is the end, she was thinking. Now I am free to go. I am free!

"Well," the marquise went on, her brilliant eyes icy with contempt, "I am not sorry for you. It seems that you have no idea how to behave. The man clearly believes you are in love with him. What were you thinking of, Julie?"

Julie looked calmly back at her mother. "I was thinking," she said slowly, "that our worst enemies do not always wear uniform. I was thinking that our worst enemy tonight was not that stupid German, Von Seldte, but that too-clever Frenchman, Philippe des Pages."

"Julie!" warned her mother sharply. "Be careful what you say."

"Yes," said Julie. "I have thought over what I am saying very carefully. Philippe des Pages is an enemy of France. To have him here in this house is to betray our country and our friends. To betray our soldiers. To betray Gilles."

"That is absurd!" cried the marquise, and began moving about the room as if she could not keep still, touching this object and then that. "How can I be sure of getting Gilles back except through Philippe? How am I to be sure of anything? Of enough food, of safety, even? I have your father to think of. And you know what might happen to any of us, any day, if we had not the protection of a man like Philippe."

Her voice became a little more shrill. "We must make sure that there is some one to speak for us, some one to see that we are not suspected. Every day now, thanks to those crazy saboteurs, they are taking innocent people from their homes as hostages. It is wise to have friends who can reach the ears of those in authority. One must live." She saw Julie's sad little smile, saw the pity in her eyes, but met them with defiance. "Yes, I mean it. One must live. Why not? I have no wish to die. Moreover, I wish to live in my own house, and to keep warm, and to have enough to eat."

"Would you sell our friends for these things?" Julie asked.

"People who try to bring more and worse troubles on us all are no friends of mine. The rest are in no danger."

"Then," said Julie, her eyes looking larger and darker in her white face, "this is no longer my home. You are no longer my mother. It is good-by."

"That is a step you are taking of your own free will," her mother answered. "I am not asking you to go."

"Philippe des Pages is an enemy of France and so he is my enemy," said Julie. "If you put the help he can give you before your country, before loyalty, before Gilles . . ."

"I tell you it is only through him that I can hope to get Gilles back!" cried the marquise.

"You had better leave Gilles where he is, then," Julie replied. "Don't bring him back on terms he would reject. Gilles is a good soldier and a good Frenchman. He would never forgive you."

"I'll risk that," her mother retorted. "I must have him back."

"Oh!" cried Julie, despair in her voice. "Will you never, never learn? Do you and your kind want future generations to hate you? Have the courage, mother, to suffer, to accept sorrow, as all of us who love France must do now! People who evade suffering deteriorate. The Germans, who never understand anything, believe they can bring about the deterioration of France by oppression, by cruelty. That is what they hope for. *Die Verschlechterung*, they call it. But they can't. Deterioration comes from inside or it never comes."

"You talk like a fool," the marquise flung at her with an angry gesture.

"Very well," answered Julie. "Then I am a fool, and I will go to people who are fools in the same way. The fools who will not give in, the fools who will make a new France. And we *will*

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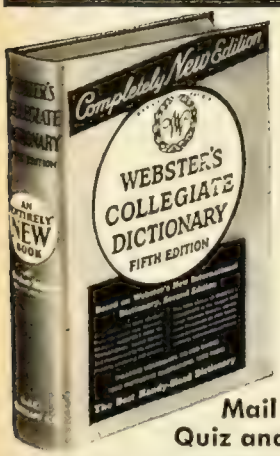

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make a new France, in spite of you, in spite of men like Philippe des Pages." She turned toward the door.

"Where are you going?" the marquise demanded.

"I am going away to live my own life. To marry the man I love. To live in one little room, perhaps, and work and be happy . . . as happy as one can be in the midst of a nightmare."

"You were never one of us," said the marquise bitterly.

"Perhaps I never was."

"No daughter who loved her mother would want her to suffer."

"I knew," said Julie, "that you would say that. You have made your choice, now I must make mine." She put her hand on the door handle and then paused and looked at her mother again.

"Do you know," she asked, "what it is that I shall always remember? That time I had scarlet fever and you weren't afraid but sat by me and read to me . . ." Her voice broke, then she controlled herself, and when she spoke again there was no sign of emotion. "There's one thing I must explain before I go. It was I who asked the Oberlieutenant to come here tonight. And once before I asked him to come. It was to protect our friends. I could not tell them that in this house they must be careful of what they said, so I asked him, knowing that in his presence they would be discreet."

"So that was it," said the marquise. "And yet for months you refused to speak to him."

"The Germans," Julie said, "are a catastrophe, like earthquake. But men like Philippe are more evil still. They are the rot at the core of things. Creatures that would sacrifice others to save their own skins."

"I suppose you think I am like that?" the marquise asked.

Mother and daughter looked at each other. For an instant Julie closed her eyes as if in pain, then she met her mother's eyes again and said softly, "Good-by," before she went into the hall and up the stairs to her own room.

The marquise stood still in the great salon and suddenly felt old and cold. She shivered a little and drew a fur about her bare shoulders.

"Philippe has promised," she said to herself as she switched off the lights, "to see that we have coal enough. I must remind him." And she went up to her bedroom, where old Louise waited to help her out of her dress.

☆ VERY early the next morning Julie was on her bicycle pedaling out through the tall iron gates. She had with her a small bundle containing underclothes, a few trinkets, and her toilet things. As she reached the corner, she glanced back. She could see only the roof and upper floors of the great house which had been the home of her childhood and youth, but her glance had also shown her the shuttered windows of the Oberlieutenant's bedroom, the room that had once been her brother's. Thoughts too tragic and bitter for expression rose up in her. Twice in the night as she had lain tensely awake she had heard the handle of her locked door discreetly turned.

Not until she reached the hospital was she able to throw off the blackness that oppressed her, and then, as if by magic, she felt the warmth of the morning sun, saw the calm beauty of the day, and knew that a beloved friend and companion and lover was waiting for her there.

She whispered to herself, "I have love, work, even hope. The story of Julie begins here."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—Noah Webster (1758-1843) was the dictionary maker; Daniel (1782-1852), a noted orator; John (c.1580-c.1625), a great English dramatist.

2—An ancient sect in Persia whose violent methods of disposing of enemies gave the name its deadly meaning.

3—The apple in the Garden of Eden; the "apple of discord" which Paris gave to Aphrodite; the apple William Tell shot off his son's head. There are many more.

4—Thomas Jefferson.

5—She is the legendary queen of the fairies. She is identified with Titania in Shakespeare's A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

6—The superintendent of the Nurses' Corps is a major—the highest rank nurses can attain.

7—An emigrant route, blazed by Daniel Boone through the Cumberland Gap. It was the most important route westward.

8—In spades and hearts.

9—Its window, which must face the north, because daylight from the north remains most even and steady.

10—It is a system in which two metals are used as a standard by a government—usually silver and gold, with a definite ratio of value being established between the two

11—Josh Billings.

12—Johns Hopkins, founded in Baltimore in 1867, opened 1876, was the first university in the academic meaning of the word. Harvard and Yale had several colleges devoted to special subjects, but Hopkins was the first to provide for higher education above the college level.

13—"To be or not to be," from Hamlet.

14—Senatorial courtesy is a tradition concerning Presidential appointments which require senatorial confirmation. If the man appointed is not acceptable to the senator from the state from which the appointment is made, the Senate will, almost always, refuse to confirm.

15—Astronomy. The movements of the stars and planets, even in earliest days, helped people in travel and agriculture.

16—Caesar's wife. Caesar divorced his wife after rumors were spread about her. He declared that his wife must be not only free from guilt but above suspicion.

17—Basketball, invented by James Naismith, Y. M. C. A. instructor, with the aid of Luther H. Gulick, to fill the gap when outdoor sports were fewer because of the weather.

18—Laboratory scientists say it isn't so. Ashes, being merely carbon, would not kill moths.

19—Throwing a cargo overboard to lighten a ship in time of distress.

20—By the ampere, the unit of electricity named in honor of the French physicist who developed electrodynamics.

Pictures you ought to see

By Howard Barnes

HOWARD BARNES

READING TIME
3 MIN. 45 SEC.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

★★★½ HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

This brilliant, brooding screen version of Richard Llewellyn's best seller just misses getting top rating from your reviewer. Parts of it are as fine as anything you'll ever find in the movies. A Welsh mining town is brought to life magically in the production. It is peopled with real and fascinating characters. With John Ford doing one of his greatest jobs of direction and magnificent performances, it is a picture which you definitely ought to see.

Artistically, there can be little quarrel with the offering. It takes a powerful theme of men working a pit and being destroyed by the pit and projects it uncompromisingly. Old man Morgan, his sweet wife, his sturdy sons, and their neighbors, from the inspired minister to a punch-drunk boxer, are the figures of enduring drama. Their experiences are the very stuff of living.

Probably there was too much material in the book to make a tight-knit and utterly compelling film. Ford has stuck to the novel faithfully. He shows the Morgan family in the happy days before slag blotted out a green valley, the miners struck and starved, or the mine claimed its victims. He describes the thwarted love of Angharad and Gruffyd and the tragedy which widowed Bronwen. Chiefly he has kept his camera trained on old Morgan and little Huw, who turned down education to stay with his Dada and his brothers in the mine.

The story may become episodic. It may not have the dramatic push and suspense of such earlier Ford works as The Informer, The Grapes of Wrath, or The Long Voyage Home. Nevertheless, the greatest director in the movies has never turned his gift of staging to better account. There are scenes in this picture which you're sure to remember for a long time.

There are no stars in How Green Was My Valley. However, Donald Crisp is perfect as old Morgan. Roddy McDowall is tremendously appealing as little Huw. Sara Allgood as the mother, Maureen O'Hara as Angharad, Rhys Williams as the prize-fighter, and Barry Fitzgerald as his toady, Walter Pidgeon as the minister, and Anna Lee as the widowed Bronwen never fail to make the human drama real and engrossing.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★★★ PLAYMATES

Here is a screen comedy full of violent contrasts. On one hand you have the great John Barrymore reading Shakespearean passages magnificently. On the other, Kay Kyser and his swing bandsmen jive merrily away burlesquing the bard's Romeo and Juliet. It makes for a rather cockeyed show, but it is generally entertaining.

Barrymore pulls all his tricks, from reminding one of his great performance in Hamlet to having a knock-down tussle with Lupe Velez. Kyser still is better as a band leader than an actor, although he has some antic moments in which he supposedly takes dramatic lessons from Barrymore. Patsy Kelly and May Robson contribute laughs and Ginny Simms sings pleasantly.

(RKO Radio.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven, The Little Foxes, The Stars Look Down, Sergeant York, Major Barbara.

★★★½—Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk, All That Money Can Buy, Hold Back the Dawn.

★★★—The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through, International Squadron, Navy Blues, Lydia, Dive Bomber, Nothing But the Truth, Life Begins for Andy Hardy, Charley's Aunt, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Wild Geese Calling, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Sun Valley Serenade, Lady Be Good, Father Takes a Wife, Tom, Dick and Harry, My Life with Caroline, Manpower, The Bride Came C. O. D., They Met in Bombay, Moon over Miami, Blossoms in the Dust, Tight Shoes, Underground, The Big Store, Man Hunt, Out of the Fog, Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

STORM, by George Stewart.

Surely one of the most remarkable novels this kibitzer ever has read. It's a dramatization of the weather, no less, and its heroine is a storm named Maria by the enthusiastic Junior Meteorologist in the Pacific Coast Bureau who noticed her birth southeast of Japan from ship reports, observed her swirl to adult size across the ocean, defeat the atmospheric forces that might have deflected her, and saw her hurl trouble and tragedy upon maintenance men all the way to the Sierras. Maybe you didn't believe weather could be exciting? You'll learn. (Random House.)

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The greatest star of the screen!

'Tis the month before Christmas and all through the movie houses there are a lot of wonderful films to be seen.

★ ★ ★

This column is in the present and future tense. Even though it is not a Christmas issue, we will still talk about the present.

★ ★ ★ ★

There is the Garbo picture. Of "Ninotchka" caliber—debonairy and de-lovely.

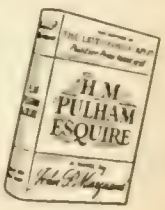
It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—practically a double feature in itself.

★ ★ ★ ★

And every single feature of Garbo is something to behold. Ask co-star Melvyn Douglas.

★ ★ ★

Comes too, "H. M. Pulham, Esq."—which so many have read. Hedy Lamarr and Robert Young step right from the pages as the saying goes.



★ ★ ★ ★

"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more Ann Sothern hospitality and Red Skelton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening idol, and Katharine Hepburn, who also is no idle idol, appear in the picture of the year.

Entitled "Woman of The Year".

★ ★ ★ ★

And then also on this Yule season list, we're including "Babes on Broadway" which we deliver with all sorts of golden predictions of being something to dance in the streets about.

★ ★ ★ ★

That is, the dancing in the streets will be done after you've seen the dancing in the theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's all to the merry, merry.

★ ★ ★

And at the same time let us wish you a happy, happy.

—Santa Leo

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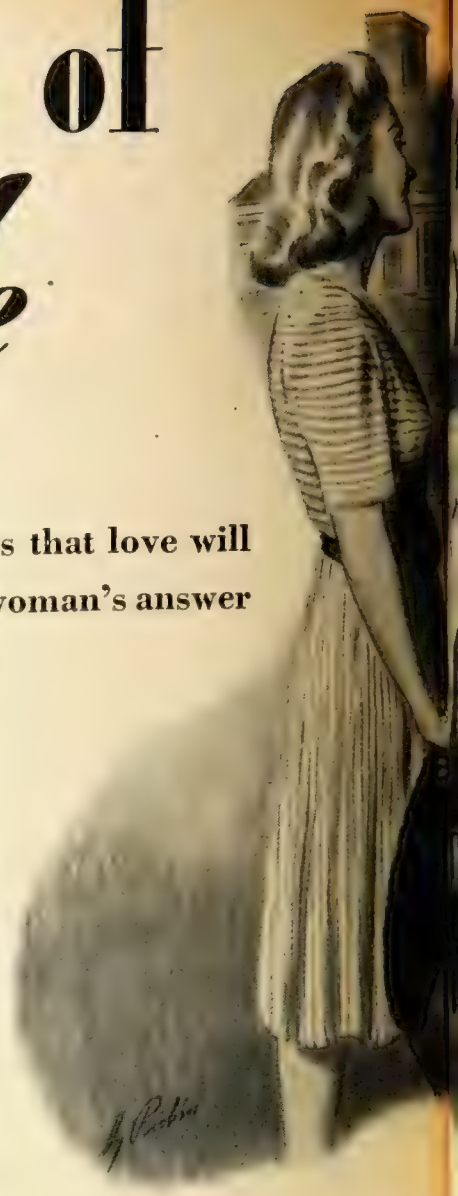

PART ELEVEN—CONCLUSION

☆ LYDIA tried to move toward her husband, and could not. It was like being in nightmare. Her feet were rooted, she strained, but was motionless. Go, put it in his hands. But I can't, she told herself, bewildered. She thought, I won't! I must be mad. This can't be required of me.

Ron moved, instead. He put his arm around her, half led, half carried her to the couch, and forced her to sit down. He sat beside her. The letter was in her hand, her fingers clenched on it. He said, "I don't have to read it, Lydia. I *have* read it."

The shock brought her up sharply, sitting upright, her eyes distended. She said faintly, "You've—read it?"

Her fingers relaxed and the sheets of paper fell from them to the couch.

He sat still and close but not touching her. He said, "Yes."

"But when—when?" She began to tremble. "It was locked up," she said childishly. "I even took it with me."

He said, "Before you went South, I came in and found you"—he hesitated and then said it, the ugly word, firmly—"drunk. Unconscious on your bed, the letter beside you. So I read it."

She said quickly, almost incoherently, "I didn't mean to. I found it in a book, by his bed, that afternoon. I took it. There wasn't any name on the envelope. I—"

"You don't have to excuse yourself."

A little color came back into her cheeks. She asked defiantly, "Well, what happens now?"

"I think," Ron told her, "that the answer lies with you."

"With me?"

"Of course."

After a little while she said, "But you're going to leave me." She picked up a sheet of the paper, struck it with her fingers. "This tells you to."

"I know."

She cried, "You're glad! You've been given permission—"

He took her hands and held them. She could feel the strong steady life in his hands; it relaxed the tension of her fingers.

He said, "I am *not* going to leave you. Not even if you beg me to."

The tears ran down her cheeks. After a little she whispered, "Why?"

"I can't," he said. "Don't you see that? You're my responsibility. I can't abandon you any more than I could a wife who was an invalid, who was insane. I can't abandon you any more than I could a child—my child. If your father had lived, then perhaps—I don't know."

"Let my hands go," she demanded, and he did so, his eyes steady and wounded. She said, "I must get this straight. What did you mean when you said, *if* my father had lived?"

"I don't know, exactly," he admitted. "But, as nearly as I can see things now, if he had lived, if we had talked this out—why, then I might have left you. You see, my work is very important to me. It means a great deal more than—success or anything material. It is rooted in me; it has been my life. My work, and then you. Had your father survived, I might have persuaded myself to sacrifice you to my work, as he wished. Yet, I don't know, in the last analysis. Also, no matter what else is not clear, we both know that he could not have lived much longer. Had you, during that time, submitted to him, given yourself up to medical treatment, and been restored to yourself, you would have been able to remake your life over again. With perhaps another man—"

She cried, "You're thinking of Timothy. I was never in love with him; I was never unfaithful to you."

"My dear," he said gently, "I could never for a moment believe that you had been." He touched her hair, and she shrank back against the couch. He dropped his hand and said, "Perhaps I would have been"—he searched for the word—"happier? No, not that; yet less anxious if you had been. Is that so strange? For then I would have known that, after all, your body made normal demands, demands which I was unable to arouse. Your mind—" He shook his head, looking away from her. "Imaginative," he said delicately—"corrupt." He broke off. He added, "No, I never thought you loved Timothy. I have always believed that, as much as you were capable of loving any one, you loved me."

She asked, very white, "And if father had lived and I still wasn't—cured?"

"I could not have left you then," he admitted.

"But I'm worthless!" she cried. "He knew it." She looked at him, almost insane with the attempt to make him understand. "Can't you see what that did to me, knowing what he thought? I was always so *sure*."

"Yes," he said; "I see now. I hadn't, fully, before."

She said, "I killed him. You can't deny it. Finding me like that, writing that letter—it killed him, Ron!"

He said, "There's no use asking you to spare yourself. Perhaps you can't now. You may have hastened his death, Lydia, yet it was inevitable."

"That doesn't help. . . . Say something," she implored him—"anything. Tell me I didn't; tell me—"

He said, "This is your burden; I can't help you. Nothing I can say."

She was quiet briefly. Then she said dully, "What will you do about Jenny?"

"What do you mean?"

"She's in love with you. She's right for you. You could love her—perhaps you do—"

He shook his head.

She said, "If you left me, you could have her."

Ron said, "You'll understand, will you? I could no more love another woman while you lived than I could become a different man. By loving I mean as I understand it; wanting her near me by night, by day. I could perhaps be unfaithful to you," he said evenly, "for the little release that's in it, brief and bright. But I could not *marry*. I could not be happy, Lydia, in my personal life if you were some-

Mamie came running out, shyer than Ron had ever known her.

BY FAITH BALDWIN

where, reckless, childish, determined to do yourself harm, surrendered to God knows what excesses."

She said, "If I were dead you could be happy. But I'm not. I tried." Her chin quivered. "I couldn't. I can't do even that for you—"

Suddenly she was weeping, her head against him, and his body was shaken with the violence of her tears.

She said brokenly, "I'll do whatever you say. Doctors, anything. You can send me away. I'll try. I'm *not* worthless," she said. "I can't be! I mustn't—"

He held her in silence. After a moment she spoke again. She asked simply, "Ron, do you love me?"

"I have always loved you."

"You're not in love with me any more," she said. "I knew it that night in Delray. You were sorry for me. And then, I was just—any woman."

Astonishment pierced him like a sword. He had not believed her capable of as much insight.

He said, "Yet that night I hoped—"

"You were disappointed. I—I try," she said, "and I love you; yet there's something—" She raised her face, broken with tears. "Perhaps," she said humbly, "I will learn."

He held her in his arms, her face once more hidden. When after a long time he spoke her name and she did not answer, he found that she slept, falling asleep as a child does after emotion, worn with it, escaping into temporary peace.

He laid her gently on the couch, rose and stretched his cramped arms. Then he bent to pick her up and carry her back to her room.

All night he lay beside her, not sleeping, watching her sleep restlessly, stirring often, speaking so low he could not hear. And when she woke he was there and he saw her eyes open, fearful that they had altered, that she would have changed again.

She smiled very faintly. "Hello."

"Hello, Lydia."

"You stayed all night."

"Yes."

She put her hand to his face. "You look tired. You need a shave," she said, matter-of-fact, casual.

While he was shaving she came into his bathroom, in her sheer nightgown, a little jacket flung around her shoulders, her feet bare. "Ron?"

"Yes?"

"When is Jenny coming back?"

"The wire said tomorrow night."

"You'll tell her?" she asked slowly.

"Tell her?"

"What—we decided. Could she go away with me?"

He said gently, trying not to betray his desperate hope, "I'm afraid not."

"All right," she said slowly. "Perhaps it would be better with strangers." She leaned there against the door and looked at him soberly, as a grown woman looks. "It's funny about her," she said. "I—I hate being grateful to her, I hate depending on her. I do, you know. I should be fond of her, but I'm not. I hate her, I'm afraid of her, I'm jealous—"

She went away quietly, closing the door. And when later he followed her, she was in bed again. "I rang for my tray," she said.

"I wish I might stay here with you," he told her.

"I'm all right." She stretched her hand toward him. "We don't know how this will end. Ron, tell me the truth. Do you want to be free?"

He said, deeply moved, "It isn't a question of wanting or not wanting, Lydia. I cannot be free—no matter what you do."

He heard her sigh, and when he spoke again she did not answer. He left and went quietly to his own room.

She lay thinking, her eyes closed, a dull pain gnawing at them from her brain. She thought, The only way I can give him his freedom is to free myself from this beastliness. This *necessity*, she thought. Then he'll have his work again, complete, and himself.

She thought of Jenny, and a faint glow of satisfaction warmed her. Jenny would never have him now. I'm not that noble. I thought I was. I'm not noble at all. I'm trying to fight. Fight what? Loss, loneliness, fear?

☆ JENNY came back the next night. Lydia met her at the door. "How's your mother?" she asked.

"Much better. It was temporary."

"It's late," said Lydia; "you've had dinner?"

"Yes, at the station."

"Ron's out," Lydia said. She followed Jenny to her room and stood watching her take off her hat and coat. She said, "You look tired."

"I am, just a little."

"I'm going away," Lydia said, after a moment.

"Away?"

"To—" She stopped, swallowed. "Ron's making arrangements," she went on. "I'm to see Dr. Vernon tomorrow. I suppose—" She put up her chin in defiance. "A sanitarium," she admitted; "that's the nice word for it."

Jenny took her hands. "I'm glad," she said; "so terribly glad."

"You are—I believe it," Lydia said. She shook Jenny's hands off. She said, with her back to her, "I wonder why I had to be born into association with good people. My mother, my father, Ron, you—"

Jenny said, trying to laugh, "I'm not very good. You make us all sound—"

"Smug," said Lydia; "impossible. Elsie Dinsmore and Pollyanna. I don't mean that. I mean—*good*. People who aren't good," she said, "they're easier to know. You can't be impatient with them, or irritable; they can't make you feel ashamed without saying a word." She turned back again. She said slowly, "You've been so kind to me, Jenny. I know it wasn't—just for me. But it was kindness all the same. . . . I'm grateful to you—and I hate being grateful. I'll miss you. You've been like something to lean on. I could loathe it, push it away, but somehow it was always there."

She left the room and Jenny heard her door close. She finished unpacking methodically, asking herself, Why? But I'll be packing again, I suppose, in a few days.

Ron came in, and she went out in the hall and found him in the library, as he had been the other afternoon a few days ago. It seemed a long time.

He rose, his face illumined. "Jenny, it's good to see you. How was your mother?"

She told him briefly, and then sat down on the edge of the desk.

"Lydia tells me she's going to Vernon tomorrow."

"Yes. Of her own free will."

She told him, as she had told Lydia, "I'm so glad."

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply. "Do you feel faint?"

"No; I'm tired, that's all." But the betraying blood had left her face. You could imagine it, you could project

yourself into a possible future; tell yourself, Some day they may be happy, and will live as other happy men and women do; lie in each other's arms in the darkness, watch their children growing up. But knowing was different, and now she thought, I *know*.

"Jenny, look at me." He moved closer, took her chin roughly in his hand and tilted her face up. He asked slowly, "So that's how it is?"

Lydia had told him time and time again. He had discounted it for many reasons. One was because he hadn't wished to face it and its implications.

She said evenly, "That's how it is, Ron. I'm sorry."

"I haven't deserved it," he told her.

"I think you have—not that it matters." She drew a deep breath. "I'll go on the Registry again," she said, "as long as Lydia no longer needs me."

☆ THE following spring, Ron Lewis drove over the winding road to the farm. It was a long time since he had seen spring on the silver-and-blue river, and the little green buds leafing out, fragile as shadows.

Bill Treat had met him, and it seemed odd that it was not Mat beside him, his hands on the wheel. Bill looked well, and reported that Mamie was fine and dandy again, that his wife was busy planting her kitchen garden, that the boy had grown a foot.

"I was a fool," he told Ron soberly. "I never even thanked you for him, that time. When I think of all I missed, I could kick myself. Well, I'm thanking you now. I'm trying to make it up to the kid; he's only a little tyke, after all." He added diffidently, "There'll be another by fall."

"That's fine," said Ron heartily.

"Well, you know how I felt. But last winter he was sick. Flu. We thought we'd lose him. I thought Rose would go out of her mind. 'He's all we have,' she said. She couldn't be crazier over him if he was her own. And I got to thinking, I ain't being fair to Rose."

"You weren't," Ron agreed.

"I'm scared," said Bill. "But she said to me the other night, 'Look here. It's my risk, and if I want to take it that's my business.' He added simply, "I'd give anything if you was going to look after her, doc."

"I wish I could."

After a minute Bill said, "I was sorry to hear about your wife. Mamie told me she'd been sick."

"She has been," said Ron. "For a long time, following her father's death. But she's all right now. She's coming up here to join me in a day or two."

Yes, Lydia was all right now. Some day he would forget the months during which she had been shut away from him, the summonses, the consultations, the relapses in which she turned sullen and defiant, demanding to be set free, crying that she would kill herself in her own time and in her own way, but she wouldn't be pulled to pieces like this; it was slow torture.

She had skill, the best money could buy, and watching. They healed her body, and then her mind, slowly, with infinite patience. The relapses grew less frequent, and Vernon, coming back after a long talk with her in the green hill country where they had put her, told Ron: "She'll be all right. I don't have to tell you that we can't guarantee that one day she won't backslide deliberately. But the compulsion is gone now. She'd have to force herself back."

Ron waited a minute; then he said, "It will be up to me, I think."

☆ RON was silent now, remembering, and Bill was silent too. They were content and companionable.

Presently they reached the farm, and Mamie was waiting for them. She looked well; very gray now, but her little face was brown and firm and her eyes luminous. She kissed Ron and said, "I'm glad you're here. Breakfast's ready—you must be starved. That train gets in at an ungodly hour. Lydia'll hate it."

"She's driving up," said Ron. "I was against it, but she promised she wouldn't drive fast and would spend a night on the road. She planned to come with me, as you know; but there have been things to attend to—selling the Southampton house and all—and she wouldn't hear of my waiting." He coughed and Mamie looked at him sharply.

"Been sick?" she demanded.

"Just a cold. I'll be fine, now that we have a vacation."

"I fixed your rooms for you like you said," she told him. "I hope Lydia will be comfortable. Run up and wash—you're dirty as can be. Hurry."

The table was laid, the best linen, blue dishes, daffodils in a honey jar. In the bay window the canary sang his heart out; the old cat came in from the kitchen and rubbed against Ron's foot.

A fly buzzed against the window, and Ron heard Bill Treat's little boy laughing. "It's peaceful here," he said.

"Appearances," said Mamie, "are deceptive. Anything but peaceful—if you ask me, something happening every day. Half the farm boys have gone to camp—I don't know what's going to happen. Some have enlisted. There was a murder on the county road not so long ago—people named Velner. They took a young boy to help when their son had been drafted—got him out of some home or other. And because they wouldn't let him take the car one night—" She shrugged. "That's how it is," she said. "Seems like there's always something."

Mrs. Roberts came in from the kitchen with another batch of pancakes and fresh coffee.

"Take some hot," ordered Mamie; "don't eat those cold cakes. You're pretty thin."

"I haven't been sleeping."

"You will here," she promised. "How long can you stay?"

"I don't know. A month, maybe—I shouldn't, of course."

Yet he should. Aunt Sammy, steamrollering, had called in one of Allen's closest friends, a general man, hard-headed and hard hitting. Over all of Ron's protests, she had insisted upon it. And Dr. Bateson had looked him over and said briefly, "Be at my office tomorrow at eleven, and no nonsense."

There wasn't anything organically wrong, but he was tired clear through—tired of thinking, of remembering.

"You're no good to your patients this way," Bateson had said definitely. "Might as well make up your mind. You're burned out. Get away, quit work, eat and sleep and don't think, and you'll be back on your feet again. No one can do it for you; you'll have to do it yourself."

He hadn't done it himself. Lydia had done it. The day he brought her home she had said, in the car, "You look awful, Ron."

"I don't feel it; I've just had a cold, that's all."

She asked, "Could you go away with me?"

She kept her voice down, but he sensed her anxiety. She had put on weight; her eyes were clear; she had never looked as pretty. Her hands were steady in her lap, and she had lost that driven, ghost-ridden look which had been so appalling.

She said before he could answer, "We could go up to the farm, Ron. I'd like that."

He had been happier then than in a long time.

☆ HE roused himself now to hear Mamie repeat a question. "How's Jenny?" she asked.

"Fine. I haven't seen her much. She's doing private duty. There'll be a place for her in the hospital soon, if she wants one again."

"Wonder if she'd come back here," said Mamie. "There's been a sort of shake-up and she might get that county job. But perhaps she wouldn't want to, being away so long."

She rose. "You go sit on the porch," she ordered, "while we clear away. I told Herb Andrews you were coming up, and he said, 'Tell Ron he'd better come fishing.' Herb's the happiest man I know. He doesn't have a care in the world. Just eats and sleeps and fishes. Hasn't a cent more than he needs and doesn't want it. Too old to be drafted and wouldn't dream of volunteering. Perfectly easy in his mind about everything. Said the other night, when he stopped in and sold me a string of bass, that whatever happened he'd go on fishing. War couldn't stop that, he said. Fish didn't know anything about war, went on biting just the same. No government would be interested in his boat nor his shack. He didn't owe any one, he got enough to eat, and he slept like a log. I don't suppose there's any one to worry about, either—not even himself. I said, 'You make me tired. You're nothing but a vegetable; you're not more than half alive.'"

Ron laughed. "What did he say?"

"Just that there were worse things than being a vegetable, especially if you were the kind that didn't end up in a stew; and as for being half alive, he'd picked the right half—

the other half was the kind of living that had to fret and worry and scrape and read headlines, but his half just went fishing."

"He's got something there," said Ron, and went out on the porch, to sit in an old rocker which fitted the small of his back as if it had been built for it, and finish his cigarette. But until Lydia came he could find no real satisfaction in letting down, in relaxation. In a way, it was a sort of test, this brief separation. Not that they hadn't been separated for months, but then he knew where she was, with whom; he knew she was cared for, guarded.

☆ SHE came, driving the big car expertly, telephoning from the town, and he took the old car and went to meet her and bring her out. She was well, she said; a little tired. She said, tossing her hat on the seat beside her as she followed Ron into the yard, and sat there while he came to get her and the bags out of the car, "This is lovely."

"I've always said so."

Mamie came running out. Lydia kissed her cheek and said, "I'm sorry I was so long in getting here, Mamie," and Mamie understood.

It was late afternoon, and Ron and Lydia were walking about the place, when Mamie came to find them. She said, "Ron, it's more work again."

"What's up?"

"Mrs. Sims, half a mile down the road. Her grandson just phoned. They can't get their doctor from town."

"All right." He smiled at Lydia. "Sorry, darling."

As he loped off toward the car, Mamie turned to Lydia. She said, "She won't be his only patient, now that folks know he's here."

Grandma Sims had a pain in her middle. It wasn't her appendix, as she had had that removed twenty years ago and the memory of her operation was still the high spot of her existence. Ron, after his examination and a conversation with her harried daughter-in-law, correctly concluded that, at seventy-six, cucumbers and six cups of coffee were not indicated. A diet was prescribed. It took him some time to convince Grandma Sims. Her black eyes snapped. She said, "Young man, I used to change your diapers!"

Ron was no sooner home again than Bill Treat called him. The boy had cut his hand on a scythe, and Rose wasn't feeling very good; she had fainted that morning.

"You see!" said Mamie, as they were having supper. "No wonder doctors don't want to drive twenty-five miles for little upsets. Of course," she added, "they didn't get Joey Dillion into the hospital in time. His appendix ruptured. His folks waited for the doctor instead of taking him right in."

"How old was he?" asked Lydia. "Mamie, this is the most marvelous coffee—"

"Fourteen," said Mamie.

"What a damnable waste!" Ron exclaimed.

He was white—he looked older, angry and hostile, as if he hated the world. Lydia said, "Don't look like that." Then she added, "Yet I don't blame you."

They went to bed early. Lydia, Mamie said, would be tired after her long drive.

Wandering into Ron's room, Lydia said, "Mamie gave me the room next door. I bet she thought it was funny."

"She has a nice mind," Ron answered. "She wouldn't think it funny. She knows you've been ill."

"I'm not ill now."

He warned, "Lydia, be sure. This is a new life we are beginning together, and when you came back from the sanitarium—"

"I had to adjust myself. It was a little like being born again, a lot like being married again—no, for the first time. I was—shy. You won't believe that, Ron. Afraid of myself, even a little of you. You've been so good to me—so patient." She came close and told him steadily, "I belong to you—something you've saved, something you—"

"Oh, hush," he said, and took her in his arms.

☆ WHEN he woke in the morning, she was not there. He heard her talking to Mamie downstairs, and when he joined them they were already at breakfast. "I'm sorry I'm late," he apologized.

"Do you good to sleep," Mamie said.

"Pay no attention to him," said Lydia. "Doesn't he look dreadful? The bearded wonder."

"I didn't stop to shave," he said.

"That's obvious, darling." He hadn't heard her speak and laugh like that for so long. She said, "Mamie, give me some more coffee and go on telling me about the hospital."

"There isn't any," Mamie said. "I mean, that talk died down, and as far as I can see there isn't a doctor, young or old, who wants to come out here and take over. I suppose it's going to be a case of the survival of the fittest. You have to go back to depending on your neighbors, as you did a hundred years ago."

"Some of them are good neighbors," began Lydia. She stopped. "Who's this?" she asked.

It was Bill Treat, Jr. He marched in, very rosy and sturdy, in a clean faded blue shirt, small brown pants, and grown-up suspenders. His feet were bare and he had a bunch of

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tulips clutched tightly in one hand. He paraded up to Lydia, acknowledging Mamie's and Ron's greeting courteously but abstractedly. He said, in his clear birdlike voice, "These is for you. Mommie sent them." He stepped back and surveyed Lydia. He said, "You're *pretty.*"

"Quick," said Ron, "on the uptake. Knows all the answers." He lifted Bill, Jr., to his knee. He said, "William, this is my wife. And you don't remember me, do you?"

"No. She's pretty," said William loudly.

"So you said before. Yet they never get tired of hearing it. Young man," said Ron, "I brought you into the world, and I certainly did a good job of it."

William struggled down from Ron's knee. "I have to go," he said importantly. He smiled brilliantly at Lydia. "I'll be seein' you," he pledged, so grown-up, so tough and swaggering, that they dissolved into helpless laughter as soon as he was out of hearing.

"What do you mean you brought him into the world?" Lydia asked.

He said, "Don't you remember—the time I came up here, when William's mother died and—"

She said, "Oh." She looked at him a moment. "Tell me about it," she said, "again. This time I'll listen."

☆ TWO weeks later they were walking down the country road, very fresh and green, Lydia picking her way like a cat in the ruts. She complained, "I'm tired. Let's sit down here on this big stone. Ron, it's been wonderful—"

"It's been more than that."

She touched his hand. She said, "I'm learning. I'm trying. Ron, I've been talking to Mamie. She told me little Bill nearly died last year."

"He nearly dies now," he said, "every time you speak to him. I never saw such a crush. If he were twenty years older I'd knock his little block off."

She said, "He's a dear little boy. I never knew a child before, not really. Listen—Mamie's been praying that you'd come back here and practice."

"How can I?" he asked slowly.

She said, "We've such a lot of money. We don't need it. We could build a little hospital, Ron. You could run it. We could build ourselves a house, here on your father's land—"

He was so moved he could not speak. Then he said, "Lydia, I—I can't tell you how—"

She said swiftly, "Don't misunderstand me, Ron. It would take me a long time to adjust myself. You would have to be very patient. I won't even promise you to be—content. But I'll be happy because we are together."

He said, "You must think it over."

"I have thought, ever since I came here. It would be father's hospital. You'll work it out somehow." Her voice shook, but she added, "Perhaps he will know—perhaps he will believe I am not altogether worthless."

"My dearest," he said brokenly, "my dearest—"

He took her in his arms, and sat there holding her.

She said, after a while, "I'll miss—people. And New York. But it won't matter. I can always go down and have a whirl. When I can trust myself, Ron." She looked at him steadily. "I won't ever be much of a person," she said honestly. "I tire of things. I'm mean and shallow and a little crazy, I think. After I came home from the sanitarium I felt new, made over. I was, in a way. I didn't want to drink; it made me sick to think of it. Yet I'm not new. I'm the same person, just cured of a disease. My character is the same—flawed and ugly. But I love you, and somehow you love me—"

"Always."

She said, with a flash of mischief, "You're even a little in love with me again."

He said, "William's fault. He made me realize I'd better go back to what they call up here my courtin'."

She said, "It will work out. The hospital, I mean. Other men will come. And you'll have a full life. A laboratory maybe, some day, for research. We won't need much for ourselves. I'm extravagant," she said, "but not as extravagant as I was. That was part of the other thing—an ugly part. Ron, you'll help me?"

He asked, "Lydia, why do you want to do this?"

"You gave up a great deal for me," she said. "You gave me your real freedom because you felt I was your responsibility, your obligation. Well, you're mine. That's the way it is. I have to do something, too. I won't be nice about it. I'm not self-sacrificing by nature." She pulled away from him and rose. "Let's go and tell Mamie," she said. "And soon we'll have to go back to New York. There's the apartment to get rid of, and your practice to wind up, and a hundred and one things." She added, "Jenny will be glad. She's big enough."

He took her hand and they walked along the road together. She said after a minute, "You must write Jenny." She stopped and looked at him. "I'll always think she was right for you, Ron."

He said soberly, "How do I know? I didn't love her, I loved you. Some day there will be a man who is free to love her and none other, and he will be right for her, much more right than I."

At the gate William came running to meet them, clinging to Lydia's hand, looking at her with his clear worshiping eyes. He said, "Mother wants you should come to supper some day. Maybe tomorrow?"

On the porch Lydia stopped and looked back at small William running across the space between the houses. She said, "Wait, Ron, before we tell Mamie—"

"Well."

"I want a child," she said, "a little boy—rather like William but more like you." Her face was grave and strained, and her mouth shook pitiably, and because he could not bear to see her afraid again, he took her and held her so that he could not see her face. She asked, low, "Am I—will I be—fit?"

He said, "Yes; but—are you afraid?"

"Terribly. But not as afraid as I will be happy," she told him.

They went into the house to find Mamie. He thought, "There's a long road ahead." It would not be easy, but he dared believe in himself and Lydia. He had delivered Bill Treat's son out of death, and Bill Treat's son had brought, with his mother's flowers, the promise of life in both his hands to offer it to Lydia. Tomorrow would be another day, and what it held no man could foretell; but he would have his work and his wife, and, God willing, his child. He would try not to fail them, or himself.

☆ LYDIA would forget, perhaps, all that had brought her, step by step, to the old farmhouse. She would find things hard. She would sacrifice, it might seem to her, a good deal, and what she gained she might not greatly value. He did not know. He could only hope.

"Mamie," Lydia was crying—"Mamie, where are you? We've something to tell you."

Mamie came out of the kitchen smoothing her apron. "What in time," she said, "have you two been up to now?"

"You tell her," Ron said. "It's your gift, Lydia, not mine."

And while Lydia told her, he stood in the bay window listening, watching them. The spring wind came sweetly through the open windows—a wind of promise, the very breath of life.

THE END

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RESINOL

THE PERFECT MENACE—Continued from Page 19

"Andy!" cried Phoebe in a voice that matched his own quivering nerves. "There's some one on the landing!"

He looked, and, sure enough, outlined against the crimson sky, a solitary ominous figure was waiting for them. Andy had heard that game wardens sometimes worked in pairs, one in a boat and one on land.

"We'll land farther downstream," he panted, and changed his course. Mud tugged at his boots; sweat ran down into his eyes; his breath was coming in gasps. Behind them, Mrs. Chips followed doggedly with the incriminating evidence. Behind Mrs. Chips, the whine of the outboard filled the whole universe. And then, twenty yards from shore, the boat ran aground.

"Pull!" screamed Phoebe, standing up. "Do something!"

Andy pulled. For a moment nothing happened. Then, throwing all his dying resources into the effort, he heaved. The boat shot across the sand bar like a rocket. Phoebe, standing in the stern, described a high and graceful arc in the air. She came down with an appalling splash. The icy waters closed over her.

At that point Andy's forgotten sense of humor came to his rescue. He cared no longer whether or not they went to jail. As Phoebe arose, dripping and furious, he sat down on the gunwale of the boat and laughed until he cried.

But Phoebe saw nothing funny in the situation. "This is your fault," she wailed. "I'll catch pneumonia. I'll . . ."

"Oh," Andy said, recalling her earlier remark, "what's a little cold water?" And went into another paroxysm of mirth.

When he recovered, Phoebe was scrambling up the river bank in the general direction of her car, a terrified and grotesque figure in her sodden clothes. At his knee, Mrs. Chips, inexorable as doom, was still proffering the bedraggled duck. And the motorboat was closing in for the kill.

"All right," he said wearily, as the hum of the outboard subsided. "Bring on the handcuffs."

The man in the boat grinned. He reached into his pocket, produced a small envelope. "This is a license for the lady," he said. "Mrs. Hollister phoned me last night. Said you'd be needing it this morning."

Andy stared unbelievingly at the game warden. "You mean you're not chasing us for shooting too early?"

"Shucks, no," said the man. "What's a few minutes, after all? So that's why you were runnin', hey? Too bad the lady fell in the river that way."

"Yeah," said Andy, weak with relief. "That was too bad, wasn't it?" He paused as a sudden thought struck him. "Say," he demanded, "who's that person on the landing? I thought he must be your partner."

"Dunno who it is," said the warden, turning his boat around and starting his outboard. "You can find out for yourself, though. Here she comes."

"Here *she* comes?" Seized by a sudden premonition, Andy spun around. Down the bank, picking her way daintily around pools of water and patches of mud, came Janet.

"Well, dear," she said sweetly, "good hunting?"

"Janet," he gasped, "what are you doing here?"

"Oh," she said airily, "Opal came back, so I thought I'd drive down and see how you and Phoebe were getting on. Thought she might want to thank me for ordering that license for her."

Andy stared at her bland countenance and found himself wondering several things. He wondered, first, if Janet's motives in telephoning the game warden were as altruistic as they appeared. He wondered, secondly, how he had ever thought Phoebe was better-looking than his own wife. Finally he wondered how he could have imagined even for a moment—let alone twelve hours—that he had married the wrong woman.

The silence lengthened.

"You seem to have left some decoys out there," Janet said at last, shading her eyes with her hand. "Maybe we'd better go out and keep an eye on 'em." She came down to the edge of the water and tossed him a limp rubber object. "Here," she said, "blow up this cushion for me, will you? You know how I hate cold water."

"Yes, dear," Andy said joyfully. And blew it up with one long ecstatic sigh of marital content.

THE END

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had some three thousand. The bishop had explained this to them, while Buck had listened intelligently and Caitlin had surreptitiously eyed her ring and said, "Yes, Bishop Brady, sir!" at the right places.

Now, in their beautiful big room in a New York tavern, Buck was going all over it again, carefully. Eli Whitney's cotton engine had made cotton king. With her money he was buying cotton land on the lower Mississippi. And—"Please, darling! try to look at the figures—" And, "Yes, Buck darling, I am. You're so wonderful!" She sighed happily and turned her hand so that the ring glittered from a different angle. "Oh, please, Buck, lover, I *am* listening! You'll make a million bales the fourth year—"

"Caitlin—little love! The total cotton crop will be something like four million bales *this* year. Please pay attention! Honey, it's *your* money!"

"*Hon*-ey, it's your *mon*-ey—lover, I could make a song out of that. Ah, Buck—sure I'll put my mind on it! Kiss me and hold me tight, and start all over again. Eli Whitney made four million bales the fourth year. Well, glory be, didn't I remember there was millions and fours and Eli Whitney in it? Wasn't I right, so? Why didn't you marry Sister Agatha? Let Eli Whitney (and the devil take him) sell half an egg more than half his eggs—and let him and his bales and Sister Agatha all equal x together, and to hell with them! Ah, Buck!"

☆ THE first quarrel came five days later. Buck announced that he had bought the labor contract of a gang of Paddies. They would have to clear the cotton land before they could plant, he explained. There were snakes and fevers in those river bottoms, and when you lost a prime black field hand you lost a lot. Cheaper to hire the clearing done. Paddies worked faster, and you didn't have to be always worrying about them.

For an instant Caitlin just stared at him, remembering her father and his stories of the steerage passage to America, and the year he had worked bound out to a contractor, to pay for it. Then she let go! Words leaped out of her that she had never learned at the convent. Buck flared back:

"Call yourself a lady—"

"I do not so! I call myself a Mick—a Paddy! Like my father before me! You that's not fit to wipe the floor where a decent Irishman spit—"

"Yes"—Buck was white—"it would be an Irishman that spit on the floor."

They made it up an hour later, and the making up was sweeter to Caitlin than anything before in her life. But there was still a little sore spot in her heart about the Paddies.

☆ BUCK took his caravan west by the Canal. It was slow, but it was a lot cheaper.

The Paddies were a wild, mad lot. They fought, savagely and suddenly, among themselves, and anything was fair. Otherwise they were biddable enough. They could be booted and bullied by anybody who wore an official-looking cap.

Naturally, Buck neither booted nor bullied them. He never really came into contact with them. He took care of them carefully and adequately. He did not look after them personally (as he would have looked after a coffle of black slaves) because these Paddies were not black slaves. They were white men who, after a year of paying for their passage, would take care of themselves. But Caitlin worried. The Big Mick had been a Paddy.

Sure, she couldn't worry much, though. Slipping through the Canal in late June, past the flowery banks, past the great green trees, with the smell of growing things in her nose, and the *clop-clop* of the big patient tow horses a long way ahead—oh, it isn't every girl that gets a chance to slide on smooth water with her lover, through the flowery banks of early summer.

Buck had chartered a whole canalboat, and had carpenters work for days remodeling the inside of it and fitting up a cabin suitable to his bride. The Paddies were on another boat ahead—but not so far ahead but what they caught them at the locks. Then the horns would go *awn-n-awn-awn-n*, and there'd be boats going up and boats coming down, and more horns, and maybe a fight or two—the canalers were great lads to fight at the locks. And at the lock tavern there'd be a whisky sling for Buck and a glass of sherry for Caitlin. Buck would make moon eyes over his drink and say, "Your very good health, Madam Preswald!" And Caitlin would grin and say, "The back o' me hand an' the sole o' me foot to ye, ye dirty Sassenach!"

Summer on the Canal. Lovely green smells. White daisies and yellow ox-eyed daisies. Steady *clop-clop-clop* of big competent horses, sleek as horse chestnuts. Even the fights at the locks were fun.

☆ AND then came the fight of all. It was the big boss Paddy who fought it.

Caitlin remembered the picture of the African gorilla in her geography book. This one had the same cunning close-set eyes, the hands that near touched his knees, and a clumsy, shambling walk. He had a funny-looking ear, too—like a cabbage rose. Caitlin hated to look at it, but she was fascinated by it.

Buck grinned. "That's what I bought him on—it's a cauliflower ear." And to her further questions—"You'll see!"

His name on the books was Chuchulihain. Caitlin was curious as to how you pronounced it.

"Coolin," he told her shyly. "It means 'Cullen's dog,' like, your ladyship. We was always a fine, savage, murtherin' folk, and very faithful."

Caitlin thrilled to the "ladyship."

But Buck warned her against having truck with the Paddies. They were a rough lot, he said, and Coolin was the roughest. That was why he was boss.

There came a green-gold afternoon when the elms threw long shadows across a place called Lockport, and the horns twanged for the lock. A heavy blue-painted boat, with a deckload of grain sacks, crossed the bows, cutting in ahead.

The tillerman of Buck's boat yelled to the driver to slack off, and threw the tiller so as to slack the towrope and let the blue boat go ahead, passing over to the cable. . . . Buck yelled a startling yell—the towrope banged taut. It caught the blue boat just under the bow—lifted it—set it down, and back, with a surge of foam at the bow—the best insult that could be thrown at a canaler.

☆ BUCK'S tillerman slammed his cap on the deck. "By heaven, I quit!" he yelled. "That's Dan Corm—think I want to get me a eye gouged out?"

The yell had carried to the blue boat. A bulky form swung her tiller and brought her closer. The blue boat was lettered Cormorant on the bow. "Damn right, I'm Dan Corm!" He was near enough now so that you could see the bent nose and the twisted lip. He looked powerful. "I'm Dan Corm o' the Cormorant! I'm the bully of this canal, from Albany to Buffalo! And when I come to locks, folks get out o' my way. Slack your rope!"

Buck said placidly, "You're in error, Corm. I don't get out of your way. And fifty dollars says you're not bully of the Canal any more."

"You're mad!" Caitlin whispered.

'Shut up!" Buck whispered back. "I know what I'm doing!"

"Fifty dollars!" sneered Corm from the Cormorant's deck. "If you got talkin' money, say so. I wouldn't stop to kick your checkerboard pants for fifty dollars. Slack your rope!"

Buck bowed. He yelled to the driver. The rope slackened. Caitlin and the tillerman breathed again. Corm yelled, and the Cormorant started forward. Caitlin clutched Buck's arm. She was sorry for Buck—it was awful, the way he'd had to back down. She wanted to kill this Corm. But it was better to have a back-down husband than a blind husband—there were tales of Corm.

Buck yelled. The driver hesitated. Buck yelled again—and there was plenty of yell in it. The horse surged forward. The rope surged up—again just under the bows of the Cormorant. Again the Cormorant was heaved up in the bow and set down with a splash that washed the placid canal banks.

The insult was too gross for the usual yelling and heel-cracking. "I'll see you at the tavern in ten minutes," Corm said between his teeth. "If not there, I'll folla till I do see ya. An' there'll be a one-eyed dude when I do!"

Buck waved gracefully as his boat slid ahead of the Cormorant into the lock. Buck's tillerman said grimly, "I tol' ya! It's your fight now—none o' mine." He spat overside with accuracy and finality.

☆ "WELL?" In the sluttish tavern taproom, Corm drawled the word out so it made three syllables.

Clinging to Buck's arm with both hands, Caitlin stared at the lip drawn down on one side by a whitish scar, at the beaked nose that didn't follow the middle of the face. Then her eyes riveted on a Thing! This Corm had a right thumbnail two inches long—and cut to a point. Her stomach seemed to turn over.

"You spoke of talking money," Buck was saying easily. "Say—a thousand?"

THE AUTHOR

Clements Ripley, born in Tacoma, Washington, was graduated from Yale in 1916. He served in the army during the World War, left it, a captain, in 1920. He has written several novels, contributed fiction and articles to magazines, is the author of two motion pictures, Jezebel, and Love, Honor and Behave. He now lives in Charleston, S. C.

He squeezed Caitlin's arm against his side reassuringly.

Corm said, "You know no canawler don't carry no thousand in his pants. I'll post five hundred I'll have your right eye or your left under this yere thumbnail." He pulled a whetstone from his hip pocket and began to sharpen the thumbnail with little teeth-on-edge strokes. "Kick y' checkerboard stern into the bargain."

"That wasn't the bet. I'm not fighting you, Corm—unless you want pistols. I'm betting that I've got the man you thought you were—the boss bully of the canal."

Corm stared for an instant. He gave his thumbnail one last whet and examined it, turning it in the low light from the window. He nodded and slapped a roll of bills on the bar. He hunched one shoulder, spat accurately between Buck's varnished boots, and tramped out.

"Buck!" Caitlin was white as starch. "Buck!"

He grinned. "Now, honeybelle!" He patted the small hand that gripped his arm. "This is what I bought that ape Coolin for. He's a fighter. You watch—he'll take this Corm to pieces like a coffeepot."

"But—Buck! You did the insultin'—I saw you!"

"Shucks, sweetheart, Corm don't care who he fights. Now wait a minute, Caitlin. I offered him pistols—"

"But it's your fight! You started it!"

"Caitlin, don't be a little fool! This is Coolin's chance to buy his own contract. I'm giving him half—naturally. Now finish your sherry and come along."

Outside the tavern there was a sun-dappled lawn. Already the news had spread and a crowd had gathered, while horns rang impatiently from beyond the deserted lock. To one side, Corm was stripping off his shirt.

Caitlin stared at the heavy ridges of muscle, and shuddered at the thought of that thumbnail. Then she saw Coolin pushing through the crowd, a big shambling figure, awkward and stupid-looking, and fear clutched at her heart.

Corm spat as the Irishman took off his shirt. "That yore boss bully, huh? He'll fall over his own feet 'fore I can get hold of him."

Coolin said nothing. He took off his shoes.

The crowd gaped. Kicking and stamping were a definite part of the fights along the canal. Caitlin made a little frightened dart to where he was bracing his belt and scraping his bare feet on the grass.

"You don't have to!" she panted under her breath. "Look—he's got a horrible thumbnail—"

Coolin grinned. "Sure, your ladyship, he'll never lay the weight of his thumbnail on me. In all West Ireland, your ladyship, there was not my match for fightin', with screechin' an' howlin' an' bloody murther. I'm a very strong man, your ladyship."

Buck had come up. "You'll have to watch his feet," he warned—and now he seemed a little nervous. "Anything goes in a canal fight, y' know."

Coolin said, "I thank your honor. But with them hobnail boots he has on him he'd as well have a boat anchor to each foot. Let your honor be callin' time now and leave meself handle the fightin'."

☆ THE two came toward each other across the gold-green sward, Corm lifting his feet quick and high, walking on steel springs, Coolin with his clumsy gorilla shamble, his hands held low and not clenched into fists like the pictures of fighters Caitlin remembered in her father's study. She gripped Buck's arm unhappily. She could feel the hard tautening of the faces around her—the tensing of Buck's arms.

Suddenly Corm leaped into the air with a wildcat screech. He lit running and came in with a lashing kick for the belly. Caitlin froze. And then, quicker than she could see, Coolin's hand licked out, flicked the canaler's heel up.

Corm landed on his shoulders with a thud that jarred the turf. He was

up like a rubber ball, came in again—

Coolin was away. The shamble was gone now. He was on his toes—loose, easy. His hands were still unclosed. His left slapped in twice, open—cat-like—just a couple of jabs against the side of Corm's face with the heel of it. He slipped away from Corm's flailing right and slapped him ringingly across the ribs.

The crowd gasped.

"Hit him!" Buck yelled. "Don't slap him—hit him!"

Coolin moved in swiftly. Caitlin couldn't see what happened, but she heard what sounded like a drumbeat. Corm sagged back, bent over, hugging his belly. He tried twice to straighten. He collapsed, twisting, writhing, retching. The crowd howled.

"Sure he's not bad hurted at all, your honor." Coolin turned to Buck. "Ah, sure, your ladyship, he'll be sore in the tripes for a week maybe, but—"

"Look out!" Caitlin's screech cut through the sudden noise.

Corm was up, weaving on his feet. A razor flashed in his left hand.

Coolin dropped his hands. "Is it fightin' ye want, or murther?" That stopped Corm for an instant. Then he came in.

Buck and some of the others sprang forward. But nobody could have stopped what happened then. The razor slashed. Coolin dropped his chin and took it across the jaw. The next instant his right hand gripped the canaler's left wrist. Steadily, using his forearm for a fulcrum, he bent Corm's elbow back, while Corm tore at his face with his thumbnail.

Then Corm screamed. There was a noise like a breaking stick, and his left arm dangled useless. Deliberately, Coolin ripped back that right thumbnail. He hit Corm twice in the belly.

BY G. SMITH

"I think there must be a wire crossed somewhere. All I can get out of Daisy is Raymond Gram Swing!"

When Corm went down, he jumped on him with both feet.

The crowd hauled him back, still fighting.

"Coolin!" Buck yelled. "Quit it!"

For an instant the small eyes were as savage as any gorilla's.

"Are you trying to kill him?" Buck shouted.

Slowly something seemed to clear Coolin's brain. He shook his head uncertainly. "I'm sorry, your honor—I'm a very strong man, sir. And times I get a buzzin', like, in me ears—" He wiped his face with a big hand. He stared at the blood on it stupidly. "Ah, sure, I'm no fit sight for her ladyship." And, "By your leave, your ladyship, you will not tear up your petticoat. Sure I'll slap a bit o' whisky an' turkletine to it an'—"

But Caitlin did. She tore off yards of her petticoat and she bound Coolin's head. But the blood kept coming through.

The blacksmith said that Coolin ought to be seared with a hot iron along the cuts—his idea, anyhow. Take it or leave it.

Caitlin left it. In the tavern she took her needle and silk and she sewed up Coolin's worst cuts with the quick neat stitches the Sisters had taught her. Coolin sat quiet. She pulled the last stitch through and bit off the thread. She fainted quietly.

Caitlin didn't know it, but in that moment she had bought a dog. A fine, savage, murtherin' dog—and very faithful.

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Compared with some of the plays of that era, the present Grade B movies are authentically colossal.

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Business o

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

☆ THE business of losing money in the theater, once something of a problem, has in recent years become so simplified that even some of the less canny producers are gradually catching on to the trick.

There was a time, and not so awfully many years ago as the big clock ticks, when the theater usually guaranteed a pretty certain profit on investment, whatever its nature, and when more men got rich out of it than you could shake a cocktail at. That was the time before the movies drained out of audiences their less intelligent component parts. And that was the time, accordingly, when plays which today would go to the storehouse by the next Saturday night, or before, still drew customers in sufficient numbers to fatten the box office.

It was in that era that Al Woods made so much money out of ham melodrama that at one period in his producing career he actually kept half a million dollars in surplus cash in safe-deposit boxes. It was then that the Stair and Havlin circuit made a fortune by booking plays that nowadays could not run half a week in even a summer barn theater; that the road—then in its heyday—permitted producers to wear thirty-two-carat diamonds achieved from such claptrap as A Trip to Chinatown, Under the Red Robe, In Old Kentucky, and In the Palace of the King; and that stock companies spread throughout the country reaped a mint from such dramatic chow as Sweet Lavender, The Christian, Hearts of Oak, and The Silver King.

You simply couldn't kill the stock companies, however bad the plays they offered, in those benighted days. There was one in Baltimore, for example, whose manager once approached H. L. Mencken, then serving briefly as a dramatic critic on a local gazette, for advice on what play to produce in a following week. Mencken, who had no stomach for the theater and wanted to rid himself of his job and drink his beer in peace, thought he saw a way to ruin the stock company. "Put on East Lynne," he gravely advised the counsel seeker. The latter swallowed the suggestion, put on the rubbish, and the house played to the biggest business it had ever played to.

Overjoyed, and now completely sold on what he believed to be Mencken's extraordinary acumen, the manager again sought him out and beseeched of him advice on what play to follow the big success. Mencken was sure that this time he knew the way to knock out the stock company for good and all. "There are two versions of East Lynne," he solemnly apprised the manager. "Since the first one seems to have gone well, why not follow it up with the second version?" The manager thought it was a great idea, fell for it hook, line, and sinker, and—to Mencken's loud anticipatory glee—put on the other version. It was an even bigger success than the first.

It was in those facile money-making years that the theatrical syndicate headed by Klaw and Erlanger became inordinately wealthy not merely through theater ownership and control of bookings, as is most commonly believed, but also through the production of plays most of which had a minimum of critical quality. Ben Hur, that gold mine, is just one example. The three Shubert brothers, coming down from Syracuse and also sniffing the gold in them thar plays, inaugurated their celebrated successful fight against the syndicate and soon not only began to make large money by running theaters in opposition to it but by producing plays that weren't an iota better. And things continued so that such an actor as the late William Hodge could make a personal fortune through appearing in shameless hokum like The Man from Home, that such a producer as Belasco could coin money out of juvenile realism involving steaming coffeepots and authentic flapjacks, and that such playwrights as Charles Klein could achieve hefty bank accounts with pap like The Lion and the Mouse.

You couldn't dish it out sour enough for them in that palate-paralyzed era. Compared with some of even the Grade A plays then, the present Grade B movies are authentically colossal. I have mentioned stock companies. There was one in Cleveland, Ohio, that will serve as another illuminating example. On one occasion, just before a matinee presentation of the balderdash called The Charity Ball, one of the lesser actors in the troupe who nevertheless had a pretty important

role in the second act appeared at the theater under the influence of alcoholic liquor. Believing that they could get him back into shape before his entrance in the play, they rang up the curtain. But when the first act was over, they found that the job was hopeless—at least for the immediate moment—and that something had to be done and done quickly.

A hurried consultation and it was decided to play the third act in place of the second and then, certain that the actor could be iced and massaged into normality in time, to play the second where the third should have been. The stratagem was duly put into operation; the audience didn't know the difference; and the play went bigger at that particular matinee than it had gone at any other performance during the week.

One of the road box-office magnets in those days was a parcel of old hoke dubbed Zeb, the brain child of one Samuel Young. In the last act of the play there was introduced the character of a country gawk called Sis Hopkins. Played by Rose Melville, it was a sensation. Associated with the company was Rose's sister Ida, who was the wife of the play's author. One day when the run of the play indicated signs of fading, Sister Ida was seized with an idea. "If," she said to her husband and Sister Rose, "two Topsys have proved such a hit in some Uncle Tom's Cabin companies, why not two Sis Hopkinses?" Ida's idea was instantaneously accepted as something rather wonderful and, with Ida in the duplicate Sis Hopkins role, the show went on to even greater acclaim than it had in the first place.

When Zeb eventually closed on the road, the two sisters went to New York and it wasn't long afterward that they were a dual Sis Hopkins sensation in still another show, Little Christopher. Upon the withdrawal of Sister Ida later on, Sister Rose was able successfully to incorporate the same character into both The Prodigal Father and By the Sad Sea Waves. And then, as a climax, she appeared in a play called Sis Hopkins that ran steadily for more than nine years and made a mint. Imagine in these present days of the theater some such character as one of the Day brats in Life With Father being prosperously reincorporated into a lot of other plays and shows for all of a dozen years!

It is true that a downright bad play may still occasionally make money for its producer, but it is a rare exception to the current rule. The plays that make real money in the American theater today are for the larger part plays of at least some relative merit. And the plays that lose their producers' shirts are generally the kind that in another period might have made the aforesaid producers enough to lay in several trucks of silk chemises. This is the lesson that the producers are slowly learning, to wit, that the way to drop mazuma in the present theater, and to drop a pile of it, is sedulously to avoid quality in drama.

The hereinbefore alluded to Al Woods, who made a fortune in the old theater, lost it in the improved modern one. "I can't understand," he once said to his fellow producer Sam Harris, "why exactly the same kind of melodramas that used to bring in the heavy dough now only get the bird." "Al," replied Sam, "Jess Willard was once also a big winner and you're still trying to cash in with a bunch of Jess Willards."

Another thing. It is generally accepted nowadays that the critics know pretty well what they are talking about when they turn thumbs down on a bad play and that there isn't much use in fighting back at them and trying to force a run in the face of their adverse opinion. Once in a great while it can be done, but even then, as in the freak case of Separate Rooms—which, at that, was reviewed by the second-string newspaper critics—what results is largely and merely a cut-rate-ticket or two-tickets-for-one attraction.

Edgar Selwyn was one of the first producers to recognize and magnanimously admit the change. Some seasons ago he put on a play of his own authorship called Anything Might Happen. Observing the reviewers during the course of its first and second acts and gifted with a touch of clairvoyance, he knew that they were certain to roast the play to a turn. What was more, seeing his play in production before an audience, he appreciated that it was hardly what he thought it would be. So he hurried out into the rear of the box office, seized a sheet of paper, wrote something on it, and ordered his press agent to hustle out, dig up some all-night printer, and have a dozen copies of what he had written struck off instanter.

Barely had the reviewers returned to their offices to write their scathing reports on the play—Selwyn shrewdly saw to it that the third-act curtain was sufficiently delayed—than they received this card:

"Mr. Edgar Selwyn humbly apologizes to the critics for his play, Anything Might Happen, and asks their forgiveness for having inflicted it on them."

The apology, of course, couldn't kill the critics' first-night notices, but it took all the wind out of any subsequent Sunday blasts they may have had in mind.

As for actors, the first to follow Mr. Selwyn's principle was, several years ago. Fredric March, who had come on from Hollywood to appear in a production of his own backing called Yr. Obedient Husband. Lambasted by the critics and taken off after a run of only eight performances, it resulted in March's insertion of an advertisement in the newspapers containing a cut of himself falling off a trapeze and underneath it the line, "Oops, sorry!"

In the now far past, things were considerably otherwise. Not only did the producers and actors fight the critics but the critics themselves often found themselves at severe variance with the public's taste. Play after play that they denounced prospered nevertheless. Dozens upon dozens, literally, made all kinds of money. And for many years their influence on dramatic art was even less than the average vain idiot's influence on his wife, intelligent woman. From the day they unanimously knocked the tar out of Mark Twain's collaborative effort, The Gilded Age, which thumbed its nose at them and ran for an entire season, and Benjamin Woolf's The Mighty Dollar, which they tried to sneer off the boards and which also ran for a whole season and in which Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence had the biggest success of their careers, on and up to the considerably more recent time of Abie's Irish Rose, which most of them pooh-poohed as ignominious hooey but which nonetheless ran for years, the public often told them to go chase themselves. But very, very seldom so nowadays.

You can't kid the public any longer in any amusement direction and expect it to lay out its good money. The day when you could humorously bill the Cherry Sisters as the world's worst act and get a crowd to the box office is gone. Even the movie exhibitors discovered that not long ago when they humorously billed the Jimmy Savo picture, Once in a Blue Moon, as the world's worst. And the theatrical producers and the actors are discovering it month by month when they should in all truth and in all seriousness make similar announcements in the case of some of the plays they produce and act in—and don't.

THE END

losing Money

Stageland finds it easier now than in the claptrap days—There's a reason!

TO THE *Ladies*

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ SAM GOLDEN is responsible for our coast-to-coast tie-up between Christmas sentiment and fine American art. Mr. Golden organized the American Artists Group, whose Christmas cards during the past six years have spread the best art of our nation far and wide among us at easy prices. Twenty-five cents is tops for an A. A. G. card—yet the Metropolitan Museum recently paid $5,000 for a Dale Nichols painting that won its first recognition by being reproduced as a Christmas card. . . . Origin of the A. A. G. is interesting. Ten years ago hundreds of really worth-while artists were desperately hit by the depression. With a group of friends, Samuel Golden sought ways to help. His friends included such prominent art names as those of Mabel Dwight, Adolf Dehn, Rockwell Kent, Harry Wickey. An evening's pondering brought their big idea: Once a year at least, the public seeks art. That time is Christmastime. So why shouldn't *really good* artists profit from that demand? . . . The arrangement worked well from the start. A. A. G. cards are available now in nearly all cities of 20,000 or more population. Artists receive 10 per cent, with proceeds divided so the less famous get their share, as well as the celebrities.

Mr. Golden accounts for his enthusiasm by describing himself as a Sunday painter. He paints pictures on Sundays. On weekdays he runs a printing shop.

☆ ODDEST card I've heard tell of was sent by a young gentleman-farmer to a Broadway actress whom he admired. It was an old barn door with "Merry Christmas" painted on it. Delivered by express at her two-room apartment in the city, it created a problem. But the sender made an impression. She married him eventually.

☆ POPPED by spontaneous combustion, thirty bushels of Kansas popcorn last June wrecked a five-story building. Since then agricultural experts at Purdue University have announced the development of a new popcorn that pops much better than the old kind. For a save-and-sane Christmas, why not economize on candy money by preparing homemade *Popcorn Lollipops?* They look ever so festive hung on the tree, and they won't explode, I assure you. . . . Follow any standard recipe for popcorn balls, but powder the dry popcorn with cocoa, cinnamon, or ginger before coating with sweet syrup. Or flavor the syrup with peppermint.

Stick the finished popcorn balls on butcher's skewers. Around the wooden skewers paint red barber-pole stripes.

☆ HIGH excitement in my neighborhood the other day when a lady's pet cat adventured into a hole in the roof gutter and couldn't get out. Though out of sight, it was pitifully vocal, as was the lady. "My poor kitten," she wailed. "My poor little kitty!" A cop and a fireman shared the rescue. A hole was chopped in the tin roof gutter and the cop reached in. Instead of the sad small animal we expected, there emerged a mammoth cat the size of a baby bear. Red-faced from exertion, the cop looked at it and roared, "By jeepers, it must have been having its meals sent in!"

☆ *START now on these thrift gifts:* . . . Exclusive stores show $30 luncheon sets of gossamer organdy strewn with painted flowers. For less than $5 you can *make* several sets. Cut organdy to required lengths; hem it; paint on the flowers in washable colors with a textile coloring outfit, which costs between $1.50 and $3. . . . Here's a suggestion offered by Mary Brooks Picken, dressmaking authority: Buy 6 yards 1-inch ribbon. Wind ribbon to cover four coat hangers. In the center of each hanger tie a little heart-shaped bag filled from a fifty-cent package Hudnut's *Debut Sachet.* Four hangers complete for $1—useful and pretty. . . . Now that butterfly bows are so stylish for shoes, handbags, lapel ornaments, why not make some for Christmas presents? Crochet them with fingering yarn and a No. 3 bone crochet hook. Give four matching bows. . . . More gift ideas next week.

☆ IF papa's in the cavalry, kid daughter may want horseback lead soldiers; otherwise very few little girls like military playthings, not even airplanes, war or no war. At F. A. O. Schwarz', noted toy store where I learned this, clerks wonder why little girls *do* like toy autos.

☆ "'I'M the model of the world,' said the fat man. 'For the world, as you know, is round.'" . . . Two neat laugh-lines from Shadows on the Down, first new volume of Alfred Noyes poems in sixteen years. (Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.) Nice gift for a friend's guest-room bookshelf.

BLOOD OF THE DRAGON—Continued from Page 26

any way whatever either with the dope conspiracy of which Meteor Supreme was doubtless a part, or with any other subversive activity. But the result was the same. Ignorance was quite as dangerous as guilty knowledge, and shortsightedness quite as sinister in its ultimate effects as subversiveness.

For they were fools—these clever, clever men. Purblind fools who had not the slightest understanding that they were condoning treachery, helping it along its slimy path; who would have been shocked to the marrow had you told them so; and who considered themselves true patriots, the saviors of the American way of life. . . .

☆ THE American way of life which—to Harland Simpson—was the way of freedom. He saw this freedom as a national trait and genius, different from any other brand, being somehow more right and fine and honest.

It was, in his reckoning, uniquely American.

Mechanical progress as expressed by faster motorcars and more intricate machinery? Economic progress as expressed by a higher standard of living for the average man? Hygienic progress as expressed by first-rate plumbing, central heating, or plain soap and water?

Such progress mattered, yet not so much as freedom.

Far better the sloppy, happy-go-lucky, old-fashioned American freedom than the modern, disinfected, efficient slavery of the totalitarian brand.

And this freedom was being threatened. Most terribly threatened by Nag Yat and the master minds in back of him. Their weapon was yet to be fully understood, and the scabbard which hid their weapon was a matchbook.

Of course Simpson had had grave misgivings about it from the start. For, knowing about the underground connection between the Golden Peiping Cabaret and the Sociedad Agricola, he had wondered why this firm should invest large sums in the manufacture of a product so experimental. After all, there was nothing philanthropic about these gentlemen. Nor, unlike the American board members of the Meteor concern, did they care about eventual monetary rewards.

So—oh, yes!—the detective had wondered. Had at last educed the clue, thanks to an accident—although perhaps in this case, as in so many others, it was the hand of the Lord which decreed the accident to happen and, by the same token, changed the course of history.

At all events, on an afternoon of the previous week, on his way up from Yucatan, Simpson had visited one of the factories of the Sociedad Agricola at Chihuahua. And there had been the accident: no more than a sudden gust of wind that had twisted about the huge steel-and-concrete cubes of the factory; had crackled around the towering smoking chimneys; had danced through an open window and upset the heap of correspondence on the desk of a famous German scientist; had—unbeknown to the latter—sucked up a small piece of paper.

The piece of paper had blown back through the window. Had swept gaily up and down. Had dropped and risen again. Had continued on its erratic career. Had finally landed against the face of Harland Simpson who, resplendent in his *haciendero* costume, was crossing the courtyard by the side of Hugh Trumbull.

"Damn!" he had exclaimed, removing the paper from his handsome high-bridged nose.

He had been on the point of crumpling it up, throwing it away. Then, all at once, he had reconsidered. For he had noticed that it was covered with small spidery figures which looked like a chemical formula. He had noticed, furthermore—and it was so typically, amusingly German—a warning scrawl which said: *"Sehr geheim, muss nicht gelesen werden. Gehört dem Herren Professor Gottlieb Trau"*—Very secret, must not be read. Belongs to Professor Gottlieb Trau.

He had pocketed the paper and said to Trumbull: "I've a hunch that we've got something here, Hugh. Something big."

On his way back to New York he had stopped in Washington. There he had spoken to Gordon Sunderland, new agent of H.L.7 while Simpson was officially dead. Sunderland had called in two of America's greatest chemists who, sworn to secrecy, had worked all that night and the following morning.

It would take weeks and elaborate experiments, they had reported, before they could make a complete analysis. But they had broken the ground; had achieved certain results. They had compared this paper with the book of matches found in the telephone booth—after Li Su-Chang had had her heart attack.

Simpson spoke of them to Macdonnell:

"Something's wrong with these paper matches, dreadfully, unspeakably wrong. And our time is very short now!"

Can Simpson gather evidence against Nag Yat and his fellow conspirators, trap them, break up the deadly plot, before more American soldiers are struck down by heart trouble? And what of Li Su-Chang? When Nag Yat returns, can she still play the part of a loving, trusting girl, grateful for his favors? Don't miss the next chapter!

Grand sandwiches—QUICK!
with this smooth-melting cheese food

JUST 45 seconds under the broiler heat and Velveeta is toasted to a turn. And what *rich yet mild* cheddar flavor! Fine food value, too, for Velveeta is rich in milk nutrients—digestible as milk itself!

THE LAST WORD: *The Mystery of "Nancy White" Alias Princess Stefanie*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

THERE ARE TIMES when it is hard to understand what goes on in these United States. We say we love democracy, and we mean it. We send our young men to camps and tax ourselves broke to end the menace of Hitlerism. And then we play pat-a-cake with a German woman who used to call herself Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe. Nowadays she has an alias; she calls herself Nancy White. Nancy or Stefanie, White or Hohenlohe, she was ordered deported by the United States government. But Nancy-Stefanie is still with us; she is dwelling in idyllic peace, undisturbed by government agents, at 612 Beverly Drive, Alexandria, Virginia, only a taxi ride from the Capitol and the White House. For some strange reason, the Department of Justice permits her to remain here, apparently indefinitely—although she was ordered bounced. She is writing a book of memoirs, quite undisturbed, while her son issues statements that while his mother has done foolish things, she is not and never was a spy. Who has the power to keep this woman from being deported, once the government order was given? Washington papers please copy. . . . The Orangeburg, South Carolina, Chamber of Commerce is conducting a campaign to encourage people not to use the abbreviation, "Xmas." To this we say a hearty "Amen!" . . . And another "Amen" to the plan of the Citizens Emergency Committee on Non-Defense Expenditures—let's hope they help to bring the Congressional squandermaniacs to their senses. . . . The interview between Johannes Steel and Ernest Bevin, British labor leader, as published in Liberty, was reprinted in the Congressional Record. . . . I had a brief chat recently and renewed acquaintance with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor when they were stopping at New York's Waldorf-Astoria. . . . Have spoken recently in Milwaukee, Omaha, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Detroit. I find that a pro-American, intensely national spirit is growing. . . . But one man quoted Thomas Jefferson to me: "Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just." . . . Also renewed old friendships with Alice Greenough and Tuerk, her brother, and other cowboys and girls at the Madison Square Garden rodeo. Surely this exciting revival of old sports and games of plains and prairies is a blessing for us all—a thing ruggedly and courageously and impudently American. . . . John M. Jones, Jr., covers a lot of territory in his letter from Thomaston, Georgia: "Seeing the name of Pierce Wyche in your October 18 issue, prompts me to write. Mr. Wyche was principal of the old South Graded School in Charlotte, North Carolina, at about, say, 1912 or '13. He also taught the seventh grade. I was in that class. Have not seen him since then, a period of nearly thirty years. I still have some of the old report cards, signed by him, but for the life of me I can't lay hands on them just now. They are in one of the trunks in the storeroom. He was a gentleman and a scholar. We students all idolized him. I want to add my voice to his poetic effort. I think you should 'loosen up' and advise readers of Liberty in the matter of the pronunciation of the name 'Oursler.' Your picture on the back page always gives me a quick start each time I see it. You do resemble my dad, now passed on, what with mustache and goatee, *et al.* The thing I most earnestly want to see is a 'United States of Europe,' England notwithstanding. I would place the seat of the government in Berlin, with all the surrounding nations sending representatives there. Germans would not be allowed to vote for fifty years, nor have representatives in the congress for one hundred years, nor furnish a President nor serve in the army for one hundred and fifty years. All Germans would be allowed to own property, engage in business, or pursue the course of a normal life without hindrance or molestation. The idea being to show them by precept and example the godly way to live, and wean them from being a 'warlike' people. It seems to be ingrained in them. Caesar, in his Commentaries, made mention of it. Perhaps after 2,000 years it might be gently removed from their characters." . . . A distinguished visitor in our office the other day was Edwin Walter Kemmerer, the economist, of Princeton University. "Professor," I told him, "you are at last face to face with the world's greatest economics ignoramus." "Mr. Editor," he replied, "you are now face to face with another." "Professor," I protested, "I do not even know how to compute the interest on one hundred dollars for a year at six per cent." "Mr. Editor," he replied, "what good would it do you? You couldn't collect it anyway."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—DECEMBER 6, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE ★ ★ ★

"If I were you" warned Elsie, "I wouldn't be sticking my neck out!"

THE TURKEY stared reproachfully at Elsie, the Borden Cow, and then retorted:

"I'll overlook your crude choice of words, and simply repeat that this is the season when I really get to be appreciated. There's a rising tide in my favor—I can see it in folks' eyes."

"I can see it in the corners of their mouths," agreed Elsie. "Of course it's a kind of enthusiasm I'm quite familiar with—you know, in connection with my milk."

"Your *milk!*" scoffed the Turkey. "Surely folks don't think there's anything very special about *that!*"

"They certainly do, my chesty friend," asserted Elsie. "And not just now—but all the year round. They know that an army of Borden experts and scientists are making sure that Borden's Milk, as well as the flock

of grand products that are made from that milk, is always good as can be."

"Come, come, my good woman," gobbled the Turkey pompously, "I realize you're more or less useful. But, frankly, does anyone actually rate any of your contributions as a *treat?*"

"You bet your gizzard they do!" Elsie replied enthusiastically, not noticing how the Turkey winced. "Why, *Borden's Ice Cream*—smooth, pure, luscious, because it's made from such grand milk and cream—is hailed with glee by folks from 9 months to 90 years old."

"Probably just a passing fad," poohpoohed the Turkey. "Nothing permanent, like *my* standing in the community."

"*You* should live so long," remarked Elsie. "There's never any slack season in the popularity of *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*, either. It's the secret of elegant cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. And it's so digestible and rich in vitamin D that doctors approve it for babies."

"Kid stuff, eh?" sneered the Turkey, getting a little redder in the face.

"Yes," beamed Elsie, "most Borden products do go great with kids—and grownups, too. *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* helps to make cookies, candies, and marvelous cake frostings that tempt every size of mouth."

"Let me remind you," puffed the Turkey proudly, "that *I'm* an honored American institution!"

"So is Borden's," Elsie pointed out, "and so is one of the most popular of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—creamy, golden-crusted, rich flavored *Liederkranz*. I'm really quite proud if it . . ."

"So I've gathered," sputtered the Turkey. "You seem to take credit for just about everything that's good."

"Don't be so stuffy—you'll get that way soon enough," smiled Elsie. "There are *some* delightful foods that don't happen to be made from my milk."

The Turkey ruffled its feathers smugly: "You're finally going to admit that I really am the holidays' big shot?"

"Oh, you're all right—you're fine, in your place," assured Elsie. "But you've got to admit there's something that's the result of Borden care and skill that tops you even at your star appearance. It's the extra luscious, spicy pie that's made with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*—whose juicy fragrance says 'holidays' like nothing else!"

"You Bordens certainly think a lot of yourselves!" the Turkey gobbled furiously.

"Keep your wattles on, my friend," Elsie soothed. "It's the millions of people who rely on Borden's that think the most of us. They're the ones who are first to tell you . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good.'*"

* * *

Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six suitable for framing, 7½ x 7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. C, Post Office Box 54, New York, N.Y., enclosing 10 cents.

In Canada, address Borden, Toronto, Ontario.

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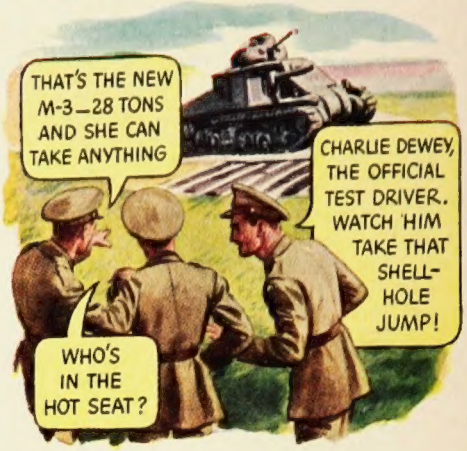
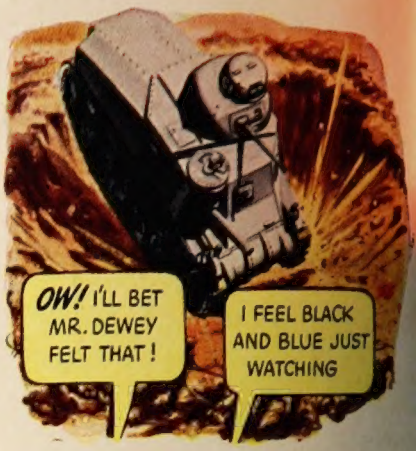
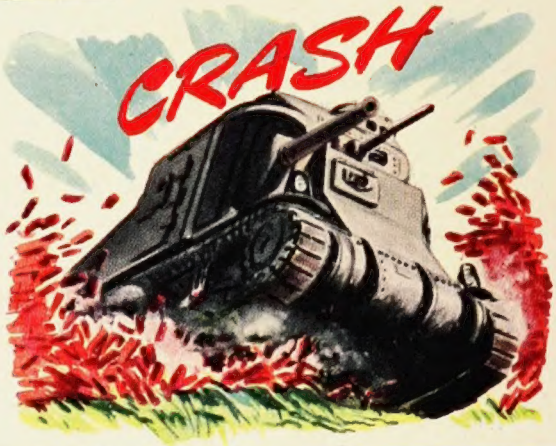
"I TORTURE TANKS"

YES, CHARLIE DEWEY'S JOB IS TESTING UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST BATTLE BUGGIES. HIS CIGARETTE IS THE ARMY MAN'S FAVORITE—**CAMEL**


THAT'S THE NEW M-3—28 TONS AND SHE CAN TAKE ANYTHING
CHARLIE DEWEY, THE OFFICIAL TEST DRIVER. WATCH HIM TAKE THAT SHELL-HOLE JUMP!
WHO'S IN THE HOT SEAT?





GIVE ME CAMELS EVERY TIME. THEY'RE **EXTRA MILD** AND THEY'VE REALLY GOT THE **FLAVOR** THAT HITS THE SPOT. 'I'D WALK A MILE FOR A CAMEL,' ANY DAY!

ACTUAL SALES RECORDS FROM POST EXCHANGES, SALES COMMISSARIES, SHIP'S SERVICE STORES, SHIP'S STORES, AND CANTEENS SHOW THAT IN THE **ARMY,** IN THE **NAVY,** IN THE **MARINES,** AND IN THE **COAST GUARD** THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE IS

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

● By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!